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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE debates on the Service Estimates and on Mr. Eden's mission have again emphasised the lamentable weakness of the Government's foreign policy. As regards disarmament, Sir John Simon now announces that in his view "better a hundred times a bad agreement on this subject than no agreement at all." This "agreement" is to be the Government's sop for those of its supporters who do not like the prospect of the League hamstrung and a return to the pre-war armament competition. Believers in the security which comes from each nation being stronger than all the others have been reassured by the increases in the estimates of the three services and by Mr. Baldwin's statement that if there is no agreement we shall build an airfleet equal to that of the strongest air power. Thus the Government oscillates between those who still support the League and those who want to hurry back to the good old system of "every nation for itself and Rule Britannia"; but, like all Conservative Governments, it will in the end obey the Admiralty and the War Office.

The Ferment in Spain

If the predictions of the pundits last week had come true, we should now be recording a first-class revolution in Spain. Actually, as we go to press, the situation seems to be slightly easier, though the country is still on a razor's edge. In Madrid the newspaper strike has stopped the appearance of all but two organs, the *Socialista*, and the Catholic *Debate*. The former has been selling mostly in Labour offices and clubs, the latter in more official quarters, such as ministries and police stations. Other papers, however, are now beginning to reappear. In the building strike there were hopes of a settlement, but these have again receded. Reports of general or "partial general" strikes come from a number of provincial towns, but many of these are no more than rumours. It is difficult to get reliable news in the prevailing excitement and confusion. The short-run optimist view is that the trouble may pass; but, with the increasing pressure of the reactionary parties, the weakness of the Lerroux Government, and the temper of the Left, it is odds on a violent conflict in the long run—and probably in the near future.

Mr. Roosevelt's Difficulties

President Roosevelt is encountering a fierce storm in Congress. The crisis following his cancellation of the air-mail contracts and the consequent disasters in the army air service does not appear to have caused him serious injury, for the American public realised that he had damaging facts in reserve. But the revival of the ex-soldiers' bonus demand on an outrageous scale, the opposi-

tion to the St. Lawrence waterway scheme, with which Mr. Roosevelt is fully identified, and the threat of a bitter conflict over his request for complete power to handle the tariff—these make a combination of difficulties more formidable than could have been foreseen when the session began. The ex-soldiers' lobby is insatiable. It demands an exaggerated bonus amounting to $2,400,000, in the shape of notes issued through the currency printing powers embodied in the Agricultural Relief Act. The President relies upon the Senate for a drastic check to the ex-service men, for he is aware that his own veto would not avail to stop the American Legion. At the same time he is being shaken by the gathering in Washington of some 5,000 representatives of industry and the distributing trades. Too many of them assert that the N.R.A. and its codes are impeding the recovery which American business men believe to be well on the way.

Trade Talks

The Anglo-Japanese cotton trade negotiations have now definitely broken down, and the British delegation have reported their failure to the Government. There was never a real hope of their success, for the two delegations went into them with irreconcilable ideas about their scope and purpose. The British wanted to negotiate about export conditions in the world market as a whole, whereas the Japanese were firmly set on confining the talks entirely to the markets of Great Britain and the Crown Colonies. As a final attempt to remove the deadlock, the British delegates put up a plan to discuss the various markets one by one, beginning with that of Great Britain and the Crown Colonies. But the Japanese will have nothing to do with any agreement that will limit their freedom in other markets, especially that of China; and accordingly the negotiations are at an end. Simultaneously with this breakdown, Mr. Runciman began his discussions with M. Lamoureux for a new commercial agreement with France. May he handle this situation better than he handled it at an earlier stage, when his brusque tactics landed us in an unwanted and unnecessary row with the French Radical Government!

The Potsdam Spirit

The German Government, in voice and deed, habitually speaks in two voices. Herr Hitler usually provides the cooing of the dove; General Göring always supplies the thunder and bombast which before the war burst out every now and again in the speeches of the Kaiser. The General's speech in praise of the Potsdam spirit and the Prussian goose-step was in the best "mailed fist" style and tradition. The extension of the "Aryan clause" to the Army and Navy is another victory for the extremists among the Nazis, for it is well known that those services —which are still jealous of any political interference— have hitherto successfully resisted the application of the clause to them. The Government clearly now feels itself sufficiently strong to impose its will even upon the army. Other proofs of the power of the Göring half of the Nazi regime have been the intensification of the anti-Jewish campaign in places like Frankfurt and the severe way in which opposition to "Nazification" of the Church is being dealt with. In this case, the Government is not having its way without a struggle, and the Free Church movement has spread from the Rhineland to Brandenburg.

Storm Over York

As the financial year draws to its close, the revenue surplus continues to pile up—and the controversy over disposal of it shows no sign of abatement. The Archbishop of York's appeal has found a backer in the Bishop of Winchester and an opponent in the Bishop of Gloucester. He has also been taken to task by sundry politicians. One of the small Tory fry, Mr. H. G. Williams, M.P., has called his championship of the unemployed an "impertinence," and the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself has rebuked him in rather less offensive terms. But the most interesting feature of this rebuke was the passage in which Mr. Chamberlain expressed his views on the relations of M.P.'s and their constituents. "If 500 people write to me," he said, "and ask me to reduce or abolish a particular tax, the only effect upon my mind is that of a mild irritant; although one letter, if it were well reasoned and put a good case, would certainly receive my serious consideration and might possibly affect my judgment." What a fine disdain, and what exquisite condescension! But perhaps it was only bad temper on the Chancellor's part. The weight of opinion is pretty clearly on the Archbishop's side, and the odds are that, however much he may dislike it, Mr. Chamberlain will have to restore the cuts in unemployment benefit.

The White Paper on Slums

There is everything to be said for demolishing the slums, as soon as we can feel assured that the slum-dwellers will be put into better houses at rents they can afford to pay, and will not simply crowd up into some other area, there to create a new slum as bad as the old. We can, therefore, imagine circumstances in which Sir Hilton Young's White Paper, announcing the demolition of over a quarter of a million slum dwellings during the next five years, might be greeted with unmixed enthusiasm. But under the clearance scheme, only 285,000 houses are to be built in place of the 267,000 that are to be pulled down; so that there will not be much extra room for the evicted tenants to spread themselves in, even if they are able to get and to keep possession of the new dwellings. It is estimated that there are about a million and a quarter of people to be rehoused under the scheme in England and Wales. But, apart from these, there are many more who want small houses to rent, and cannot get them owing to the shortage of suitable accommodation. Under these conditions it is impossible to isolate the slum-clearance problem from the housing problem as a whole, which is precisely what Sir Hilton Young has hitherto been trying to do. We hope that in the new Bill, of which we have as yet no details, we shall find he has been pushed into facing realities.

Censorship at the B.B.C.

The B.B.C. may have no class bias, but, if so, it has been singularly unfortunate lately in giving the impression that it has. The trouble seems to be partly a lack of tact and *savoir faire* in the higher posts where policy is determined. We commented last week upon the "censoring" of the working-man who was to broadcast on "modern industry and national character." This week a hunger marcher who was to broadcast from Manchester refused at the last moment to deliver a bowdlerised version of

his manuscript which the B.B.C. considered " provocative and propagandist." On the other hand, the " working-woman " who followed the suppressed working-man in the series on modern industry was not only allowed to speak, but was reported at length in the daily papers. Obviously, those at the head of the B.B.C. wished to make it quite certain that we should all know what the really nice " lower orders "—as they used to be called—think. This very tame working-woman said exactly what the *petite bourgeoisie* would like all the working classes to say—the moral being that they are all much better off than they used to be, that working women are not lazy, and that even the female lower orders like to look nice. Broadcasting House is more and more giving the impression that its talks, its musical programmes and its entertainments must be confined strictly to what will give pleasure in the most conservative suburbs of London.

Mining Wages

The miners in a number of areas are at present busy negotiating with the colliery owners for new wage agreements. In most of the districts the changes are not likely to be considerable; and new settlements may be arrived at without a rupture, not because the miners are satisfied with the low wages now in force, but because they see no reasonable chance of improving on them at present. One or two districts seem likely to use the opportunity of abrogating the ridiculous provision in some of the agreements by which, although a minimum wage has to be paid, the cost is debited against their future wages unless the industry is prosperous enough to afford both the minimum wage and a minimum profit to the owners. Agreements of this sort are clearly undesirable, and it has in fact seldom been possible to observe them where they have been made. We see that in some coalfields the owners are demanding a revision of the percentages fixed for the division of the proceeds of the industry between wages and profits, on the ground that increased mechanisation involves higher capital expenditure in relation to the wage-bill. There might be a case for this if the miners were getting a tolerable wage; but in face of the manifest inadequacy of the present wage-level the claim for a reasonable minimum ought clearly to take precedence of any readjustment to the advantage of capital.

Political Uniforms

We publish this week two letters on the banning of political uniforms. One of them comes from a Dutch Senator, who quotes the law prohibiting uniforms which was passed by the Netherlands Government last year and has apparently worked so far with every success. The other is from an English correspondent who deplores the idea of giving the Mosleyites a free advertisement or presenting them with a halo of martyrdom by what he describes as a piece of petty persecution. The disadvantages of prohibition which this correspondent points out are pretty obvious; on the other hand, there would be still worse ones in waiting to act, as the Government statement in the Lords the other day suggested that the Cabinet is prepared to do, until the situation has been allowed to develop to a point at which action has become impossible. By insisting indefinitely that the time is not yet ripe, democracy will once more betray itself. Perhaps the most effective compromise which has been suggested is to alter the law so as to include shirts and such like in the Act governing the wearing of paid-for favours at an election. Our blackshirts could be more safely left to play at soldiers now if we knew that, when the decisive moment arrived, they would find themselves deprived of their main source of attraction and psychological compulsion. If the Nazis in Germany had been prohibited from wearing uniforms during the series of intensive election campaigns which marked their rise to power, they might not now be where they are.

* * *

The actual process of applying the ban would offer ample scope for diversion. Where exactly would authority draw the line? When is a uniform not a uniform? The Chief Scout with a bodyguard of Rovers cruising in northern seas a year or two ago was prohibited from landing in Copenhagen—shirts being forbidden in Denmark—unless he donned his " civvies," which he declined to do. And what about cinema commissionaires, or the peaked, itinerant vendors of ice-bricks? Judging by the poor figure cut in a black shirt by some of our current British exponents of the cult of castor-oil, whose pimply faces suggest that their owners could do with a dose of their own medicine, the deprivation of so unbecoming a uniform might be a disguised act of kindness. Think what innocent pleasure these funny little men provide us with. In Bavaria, we note, the Minister of Economic Affairs has just decided that " men's brown-coloured evening dress and frock coats " do not conflict with the law—which opens up delicious, and typically German, possibilities. The interest in the matter taken by the Minister of Economic Affairs, moreover, suggests a reason why the textile trade might find it only too easy to favour the rule of uniforms.

The New " Clarion "

Robert Blatchford, who in the nineties made more Socialists than any other man in Great Britain, started the old *Clarion* in 1891; and in his hands it speedily became even more a power in the land than Keir Hardie's *Labour Leader*. The Socialist movement still has veterans who will talk by the hour of " Nunquam's " (that is, Blatchford's) *Merrie England*, of " The Bounder " and " Dangle " and other regular contributors who helped to make the writers and readers of the old *Clarion* into a happy family of propagandists. Since then the *Clarion* has been through many vicissitudes, for a time as a monthly, then again as a weekly; and now it reappears in a new dress, newspaper-size, to be published weekly by Messrs. Odhams, with the aid of a remarkable galaxy of Socialist talent. The first number, out this week, contains contributions by George Lansbury, J. B. Priestley, Philip Noel-Baker, H. J. Laski, Herbert Morrison, Raymond Postgate, and a good many more; and there are promises that the standard will be kept up. Some old *Clarion* readers will say that the new *Clarion* lacks the old fighting " punch," and some highbrows will complain that it is too snippety and popular. But there it is, in a form and with a character that are likely to give it a big circulation and an influence that a more purely Socialist journal could never hope to secure. We offer those responsible for it our best wishes.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

THE GREAT WEN

THE resounding victory at the London polls last week was a tribute to the Labour Party's electoral organisation. That the Municipal Reformers have freely acknowledged, and, indeed, long before polling-day their hectic appeals and warnings showed their fear of Mr. Herbert Morrison's machine. But it is absurd to imagine that the machine was the only, or the main, factor in increasing the total Labour vote by 100,000 over its previous peak figure of 1928, in reducing the Municipal Reform seats from eighty-three to fifty-five, in eliminating the remnants of the Liberals, and in giving the Labour Party a majority of fourteen (now, with the new aldermen, sixteen). The result marks a real revulsion of public opinion—disgust with the unjust stewardship of the Municipal Reformers, demand for remedies for crying discontents.

There has been much washing of dirty linen in the public press by the beaten Conservatives. Leaders have groaned over the apathy of the great host of their supporters who would not take the trouble to vote. But was it all apathy? How many of those who did not go to the polling booths were really "supporters" of the M.R. policy? There can be no doubt that a great number showed their disapproval of it by deliberate abstention, and there is no warrant for the assumption that, with 100 per cent. instead of a 33 per cent. poll, Labour would have been overwhelmingly defeated. The more honest and intelligent of the M.R.s are now, in fact, admitting the true causes of their downfall. Some of these (like the administration of the Means Test which was thrust upon the local authorities by the Government) may be considered their misfortune rather than their fault. But the electorate could hardly be expected to discriminate over nicely, and in any case the majority at the County Hall did nothing to dissociate themselves—they never wanted to dissociate themselves—from the reactionary measures of their friends across the river at Westminster. The chief counts in the indictment were their administration of public assistance and the Means Test; their "economies, which hit so many people in all directions, notably the stoppage of school prizes" (these are the words of Dame Beatrix Lyall, one of the defeated captains); and the inadequacy of their housing programme and the hypocrisy with which they boosted it. On any one of those points they stood to lose seats. On the three together their losses have become a débâcle.

But there is a much more important question than how the Socialists won their victory, and that is, "What will they do with it?" Mr. Morrison claims, rightly enough, that they have been given a clear mandate for a forward policy. They cannot, of course, perform miracles; they will be handicapped in some ways, as their predecessors were, by the Government's "economy" policy —though this may be modified if conditions continue to improve. They will not sack Belgravia or Hampstead, nor treble the rates. But they will ease the pinch in Shoreditch and Southwark, and they will, they must, add something to the rates. They promise an overhauling of the whole administration of public assistance, and a more sympathetic and fairer treatment of the destitute. They promise reconstruction and re-equipment of the hospital service throughout the county, and improvements and extensions of the schools; and they will press for the restoration of the cuts which the Government have made in teachers' salaries. Above all, they are pledged to a vigorous housing programme, and for this they should have a backing that will not be confined to their own adherents. The slums, the cellars, and the overcrowding of the capital are a crying scandal, on which Mr. Shakespeare, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, made some just, though belated, comments a day or two ago. His speech was at once a condemnation of the feeble efforts of the Municipal Reformers on the L.C.C. and in the metropolitan boroughs and an encouragement to the Labour Party to go boldly ahead. It is good that Ministers should be pointing out that "for a small increase of 3½*d.* in the rates, 75,000 five-storey flats could be built to let at inclusive rents (rent plus rates) of 12*s.* a week." It will be better still when they address themselves to the question of providing accommodation at rents of something nearer half that amount. We hope, at any rate, that Mr. Shakespeare's speech portends a change in the air of Whitehall and in the big-talk and little-deed attitude of Sir Hilton Young.

But behind the details of schools and hospitals and houses and public assistance, immediate and important though these are, there looms the grand problem of London government. A hundred years ago Cobbett was cursing the overgrown metropolis—the Great Wen, as he called it. Now the comparatively manageable city that he wanted "dispersed" has grown into the shapeless monstrosity that we know as Greater London. In the heart of it is the Administrative County, the L.C.C. area, covering 117 square miles and containing a population of some four and a half millions. Beyond is a mass of satellite towns and villages, sprawling into five—or if you include Sussex, Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, which have gone far in suburbanisation eight—Home Counties. The Greater London of the Census, which covers the Metropolitan Police District, has an area of 693 square miles and a population of about eight millions. Its government is in the hands of a multiplicity of authorities, comprising six county councils, four county borough councils, about fifty municipal borough councils, twenty-eight metropolitan borough councils and the City Corporation, more than 100 urban district councils, and sixty or so rural district councils, besides such *ad hoc* bodies as the Metropolitan Water Board, the Port of London Authority, and the newly established London Passenger Transport Board.

We do not suggest that all the pieces in this jig-saw puzzle are awry, or that nothing has been done towards unifying and co-ordinating. Greater London is not an absolute chaos. It is, nevertheless, more chaotic, less unified, than it ought to be, and the result is a vast deal of inconvenience, inefficiency, and waste, both of money and effort. There is maladjustment of areas to services; there are unsatisfactory relations of local authorities with one another and with the central government. Electricity and water supplies, traffic, town planning (which ought to be "regional" planning) and housing, are some of the services—and not all—which need unified control over the whole area, and that involves a thoroughgoing revision of the present ramshackle structure of administration. The problem was examined and shelved a dozen years ago by the Royal Commission presided over by Lord Ullswater.

It will, we trust, be taken off its shelf by the London Labour Party. The London Labour Party, at the time of the Ullswater Commission, were fully alive to the urgency of the matter, and in fact drew up and published a far-reaching scheme of reform on regional lines. This was not a scheme, as some critics suggested, merely for the aggrandisement of the L.C.C. and the suppression of all the minor authorities in Greater London. It provided for the creation of a new regional authority over London and the Home Counties (or such parts of the Home Counties as it might be judged proper to include). That body, composed of members elected on the basis of the parliamentary constituencies in the region, would be the supreme authority for a number of the larger services, and would have certain supervisory powers over the minor authorities. Among these minor authorities there would necessarily be some adjustments of areas and functions; but they would in general continue to exercise important powers in education, public health and other spheres. There is no idea of abolishing great county boroughs like Croydon or West Ham or, indeed, any really significant local body.

It is not to be supposed that this scheme could or should be put into a parliamentary Bill in its original form; some of its proposals are open to criticism, others may be found out of date. But the fundamental principle, we believe, is sound, and we shall be sadly disappointed if Mr. Morrison and his friends do not stick to it. They must obviously proceed with first things first; the Great Wen cannot be dealt with to-morrow. But no time need be lost in urging Londoners (and the rest of the country, too, for other areas have similar difficulties) to think about the problem, and in letting them know that the Labour Party mean to tackle it at the first opportunity. They must tackle it, if they are to carry out their avowed aim of making London not merely the biggest but the best governed city in the world.

THE BLUFF OF THE CORPORATE STATE

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

ARRIVING in this country after many years of residence in Italy I am amazed at the number of false statements that I hear and read about the Fascist "Corporate State." It is an unhappy fact that the great majority of the foreigners who visit Italy get in touch only with official representatives of the regime, and remain completely ignorant of the real state of affairs in the country.

From the extensive literature on the Corporate State we learn that its first aims are the termination of class-war and the substitution of class-collaboration "in order to realise the superior interests of the nation," and, further, the subordination of the interests of private enterprise in favour of general production. In an attempt to accomplish this ideal the Government grants special powers to syndicates—approximating roughly to the trade unions in this country—purporting to be truly representatives of a whole category of employees or employers, although their membership may be as low as 10 per cent. of the members of the trade. These syndicates are directly controlled by the Government and disputes between employers and employees are supposed to be settled by them or, in the event of their failure, by the ordinary law courts, constituted as labour tribunals.

But the theory of the Corporate State is often very different from its practice. Thus freedom of association has in fact been completely destroyed in spite of the law of April 3rd, 1926, which declares that besides the recognised syndicates others may exist. In 1931, for instance, the Catholics were obliged to dissolve the organisation which, under the protection of the Concordat, they tried to build up in order to develop the spiritual life of the workers. In theory, again, employers and employed may do as they like about entering the recognised syndicates; but registration is a pure formality because the decisions of the officials of the syndicates are applied both to members and non-members, and even non-members must pay their subscription. In practice every worker in need of a job is obliged to join the syndicates, while a large number of employers, because of their greater economic independence, can avoid the interference of the economic organs of the State. Where Labour Exchanges have been established by authorised syndicates, the workers must apply for work through them; and they cannot obtain it unless they have the enrolment card of the syndicates. This is why in December, 1932, out of 3,707,893 employers only 995,828 had joined the syndicates, while out of 6,772,599 employees (including artisans and professionals) 4,181,848 had joined.

There is another point on which Fascists like to deceive their admirers; they declare that the directors of the syndicates are elected by the members themselves. But let me quote as an example how the directors of the Confederation of Industrial Syndicates for Workers are chosen (the statute was issued on December 15th, 1932). This Confederation (one of the thirteen which include the whole of the Fascist Trade Unions) is composed of twelve National Federations; each National Federation of National Syndicates; each National Syndicate of Provincial Syndicates composed of Municipal Groups. Similar Provincial Syndicates constitute in a Province a Section, and twelve Provincial Sections (corresponding to the twelve National Federations) constitute a Provincial Union. The President of the Confederation is appointed by the Minister of Corporations on the nomination of an Assembly whose members are, among others, the Secretaries of the National Federation, appointed in their turn by the Confederation on the nomination of the Chiefs of the Provincial Sections; these are appointed by the Provincial Union on the nomination of the Secretaries of the Provincial Syndicate, who are also appointed by the Provincial Union on the nomination of the *fiduciari* of the Groups, whose appointment is made by the Provincial Union on the nomination of the Groups' members.

The Corporations, whose aim is to regulate from above the relations between employers and employees, ought to include the corresponding syndicates of employers and employees for each trade or vocation. Only one Corporation has been formed up to now (that for theatrical activities); it is controlled by the President appointed by the Minister of Corporations and by a Council whose members are appointed by the same Minister on the nomination of various bodies.

No figures exist from which we can ascertain the number of officials now employed by the Fascist syndicates. We only know that by the end of 1932 1,796 associations had been constituted, each of which had its own directors, secretaries, typists, and so on.

In order to raise the money which is wanted by the syndicalist bureaucracy, all members of the syndicates, whether registered or not, must pay what is called the compulsory contribution. Beyond that, the syndicates receive the so-called *contributi facoltativi* which any syndicate may or may not impose on its registered members. Nobody in Italy has ever been able to discover how much they receive in this way. In 1932 the compulsory contributions had produced 272 million lire (about £4,500,000). A Fascist ex-minister informed me that, according to his estimate, the amount provided by the compulsory and *facoltativi* contributions is 600 million lire per annum (£10,000,000) and another Fascist authority gave me the figure of one milliard (£16,000,000).

It is the duty of the syndicates to fix the "collective contracts" for work. This has in fact resulted in the lowering of wages and of the standard of living. These "collective

contracts" give rise to many disputes, to be settled either by the officials of the syndicate or, failing them, by the Law Courts. If many of these disputes are decided in favour of the employees, that is because the employers have not adhered to the collective contracts even though these contracts are generally settled in their favour. From a Fascist review we learn that for the first ten months of 1932 the number of such disputes in industry, agriculture and trade totalled 142,000; of that number 37,000 were brought before the Law Courts. Unfortunately for the workers the procedure is very slow and lasts in most cases from twelve to fourteen months, and if an appeal is necessary may last two years.

How much the corporate system has accomplished on behalf of workers may be seen from the scale of wages now prevalent in Italy. In 1932 the Under-Secretary of State for the Corporations wrote as follows:—

> Between June 1927 and December 1928 the wages of industrial workers have gone down by about 20 per cent., and a further reduction of 10 per cent. was made in 1929; during 1930 there has been a general reduction, varying, for the different categories of workers, from 18 to 25 per cent. Many other "adjustments" have been realised in 1931.

An official of the Fascist syndicates has said that between 1927-32 the wages of glass workers went down 30–40 per cent.; those of signalmen by 40 per cent.; of wool workers 27 per cent.; of silk workers 38 per cent.; of jute and hemp workers 30 per cent.; of metal workers 23 per cent.; of bricklayers and miners 30 per cent. In the same period the cost of living dropped by about 22 per cent.

According to Fascist statistics, the average weekly wage for a 48-hour week for industrial workers in December, 1932, was 82.56 lire (about 27*s.*); for agricultural workers (men), 56.16 lire (less than 18*s.*); for women, 31.68 lire (about 10*s*). These wages are far too low, even for the low standard of life of Italian workers. I have myself met a worker who received 4 lire per day (1*s.* 4*d.*). Thanks to the efforts of the various workers' organisations, wages in Italy had risen considerably both before and after the war; Fascism has been able to reduce the working classes once more to the level at which they stood a century ago.

As regards unemployment, I shall content myself by quoting a few official figures. The economic crisis which began elsewhere at the end of 1929 existed in Italy since 1927. This is shown by the index numbers (their publication was prudently stopped in 1931) of the Statistical Institute of the University of Rome. In 1925 there were 156,659 unemployed; in January, 1928, 439,000; in February, 1932, 1,200,000, which corresponds to about 20 per cent. of the total number of workers; and in April, 1933, a little over 1,000,000. These figures cannot be checked, and, in any case, they do not include the great number of workers on short time, and numbering, even according to official estimates, some 200,000.

The unemployed receive a dole of about 1*s.* per day, and it is given only for a few months. In February, 1932, out of 1,200,000 unemployed, only 264,000 received the dole; in June, out of 905,000, only 238,000; and in November, out of 1,035,000 unemployed, 185,000. How do the others live? This is a mystery on which Fascism throws no light.

We see, therefore, that the conditions of the working classes are worse than in many other countries; but the workers have no means of protesting. They cannot express their will through the election of the directors of the syndicates, and strikes have been made illegal since 1927. Any worker who leaves his work as a protest may be sent to prison, and strike organisers are liable to sentences of one to seven years.

It is now reported that the Fascists' Dictator is going to dissolve the "corporate parliament." Such a step is quite natural, because no political body exists in Italy which is so useless and so much despised both by Fascists and anti-Fascists. According to the theory of the Corporate State, it was meant to represent the interests of employers and employed. The candidates for this so-called parliament were chosen by the directors of the syndicates, who, as we have seen, are simply public officials appointed by the Government. They have nothing to do with the workers whose interests they are supposed to protect. The Employers' syndicates, which (including the artisans) represent 4,257,893 individuals and firms, gave a list of 380 candidates; the Employees' syndicates (6,097,223 individuals) gave a second list, also of 380 candidates; forty candidates were proposed by the Syndicates of professional men (120,223 individuals); a further 200 by various cultural, military, and other bodies. The Grand Council of Fascism selected 400 nominated deputies from these lists, and the electoral body had only to approve or disapprove that choice.

The work of such a parliament was very easy. It consisted in unanimously approving the laws proposed by the Government. During an existence of nearly five years it has never expressed any criticism or disapproval of the Government actions. To criticise meant to lose any possibility of making a career; it was much wiser for the deputies to pocket the salary and always approve.

It is said in Italy that the place of the Chamber of Deputies would be taken by the National Council of Corporations; it does not seem that the change would matter much to the Italian nation. The Council met for the first time in 1930. The Prime Minister is its President; a few of its members are such by virtue of their offices (*e.g.*, the Secretary of the Fascist Party), others are designated by the Economic Confederations, the remainder by the Prime Minister. The Council advises on some economic problems; and its decisions are compulsory only for the formation of general rules for the organisation of assistential activities, and the ordering of collective relations of labour between the various groups of producers. It will be seen that, unlike the democratic parliaments, its members are not elected but appointed, and it is an advisory and not a legislative body (except for the two unimportant instances quoted).

If admirers of the Corporate State were to study the actual economic conditions of Italy, they would learn how different these are from the brilliant picture painted by the Fascist propagandists; those who think that the Fascist corporate system represents a new form of economy ought to notice that, in order to establish it, only a few very simple corrections to the present degenerate capitalism are necessary. Freedom of association and the right to strike must be abolished, and a single syndicate established under the strict control of the Government, through which the Government can impose its will on the various groups of producers. It must not be forgotten that a strong police organisation is required to check and suppress any and every criticism or opposition tendency. As the Chief of the Police Political Bureau of . . . said to a friend of mine when he was arrested: "Fascism, Dictatorship, Corporations, this is all nonsense; the reality is that the Fascist Corporate State is a Police State."

THE UNEMPLOYED UNDER THE NEW DEAL IN AMERICA

YORK, Pennsylvania, is a manufacturing town of 75,000 inhabitants, not untypical of the industrial East of the United States. Having recently a day to spend in it, I devoted my time to visiting the institution which caters for the unemployed of the city.

York has had some 10 to 20 per cent. of its total number of families wholly unemployed, without, that is, any member being in receipt of wages, during the past twelve months. It is claimed that the figure is now nearer the lower than the higher limit. These citizens, some seven thousand to fourteen thousand in number, are kept alive in the following manner. An institution known as a "commissary" (no one could explain the name to me) has been established. I was shown over this institution by its manager, a Mr. Schmidt. Mr. Schmidt is not a government official as he would be in England, but a retired business man, working either gratuitously or for his expenses.

The commissary is supported by Federal, State and County funds, raised by taxation. Up till a few months ago it also received money subscribed by private charities. But private charity in York has now run dry. The commissary relieves the unemployed not by giving them money but by issuing to each family a weekly food package. These packages are made up according to the number of adults and the number of children in the family, and they are worked out on a "scientific" basis. It has been calculated, that is to say, that so many calories of food are necessary to sustain life in an adult, so many in a child, and precisely this amount of food, per person relieved, is provided.

The commissary employees are not permanent State or local officials, but are either amateur, unpaid, social workers, or are paid an extremely low weekly wage, on a purely temporary, week to week, basis. A fairly large staff of investigators inquire into the circumstances of every applicant's relief, in a manner very similar to the Means Test investigations in England.

I witnessed a long queue of applicants for relief coming in to get their food package. Their general physical condition seemed to me poor. They were evidently not actually starving, but they appeared to be on a strictly subsistence level. For some reason, however, the negroes amongst them seemed to be in markedly better physical condition than the whites. I was credibly informed by a newspaper correspondent, who had been in close touch with the unemployed, that they reported that the rations which they received were just sufficient to maintain health while they were not working. But if and when any of them obtained relief work on one of the road schemes, etc., which are being undertaken in the neighbourhood, they were unable to do any serious work until they had received their first wages, and were able to buy larger quantities of food.

This commissary system appears to be typical of the whole State of Pennsylvania, but endless variations of it appear to be in existence in other parts of the United States. In many places the main source of income to the relief institutions is still private charity, and in these places the amount of food given to each applicant does not depend on the applicant's need, but on the amount of money which the relief institution has available. Thus, if there is a sudden increase in unemployment in these areas, the amount of food distributed to each family has to be at once reduced.

I inquired of the administrators of the York commissary whether the present system was intended to be a permanent one. They were not able to answer this question. While not denying that unemployment would now be a permanent feature of the life of their community, they were unwilling to consider the question of establishing a permanent relief system. The present system has all the marks of its temporary and emergency origin. I inquired whether there were not now in the fourth winter of the depression many families who were entirely without money of any sort. I was told that practically all the families which were being regularly relieved were in this condition. I at once inquired as to what happened to the rent. I was informed that it was impossible to evict some 20 per cent. of the total population of the city, and that consequently the landlords of most of the working-class property were themselves bankrupt. As a result, the remarkable phenomenon has arisen that an agitation for relieving the unemployed by money payments, for a "dole" on the English system, had arisen from the landlords!

At the moment the unemployed themselves appear to be passive. Last February, however, when the present system of relief by food packages was instituted, there was serious rioting in the town, and the distribution of food at the commissary had to be undertaken under the guard of State troopers. Up till that time relief had been given by means of vouchers which could be cashed at the local grocery stores, so that the unemployed were at any rate enabled to choose their own food.

After visiting the commissary, I happened to meet a young Democratic assembly man who had just been elected, from this normally Republican town, to the State legislature. Hoping to obtain the views of a representative of liberal opinion as to the system of relief, I asked him whether he had favoured the introduction of the commissary system. He replied that he had been against it. I asked him why? "It brings the unemployed together too much," he said. "They live out in different quarters of the city, and if you leave them where they live they can't ever get together. But if you bring them all out to one centre to feed them, they begin to talk amongst themselves, and that's dangerous." JOHN STRACHEY

ON HOLDING THE TONGUE

AT the top of a column of "Personal" advertisements in the *Daily Telegraph* there recently appeared a paragraph:

> REMEMBER WHAT SIMONIDES SAID—that he never repented that he had held his tongue, but often that he had spoken.—PLUTARCH.

It is difficult to see anything bearing the signature of Plutarch without a readiness to assume its wisdom in advance, and many people regard almost any saying in praise of silence as wise. The makers of the proverbs seem to agree with the majority that the invention of articulate speech was a doubtful blessing. They admit that speech is silver, but insist that by comparison silence is golden. They believe so little in the healing power of speech that they tell us that "least said is soonest mended" and that "soft words butter no parsnips." Even in everyday speech most of us are confirmed despisers of talk. To call a man a talker is to stamp him as a humbug. The bitterest enemies of Parliamentary Government feel they have proved their case when they have described Westminster as a "talking-shop." To such lengths did the dispraise of speech grow in England, indeed, that the popular imagination conceived an imaginary "strong silent Englishman" as the national hero. Emerson said that the English preferred a man who spoke badly in public to a real orator. They thought there must be something in a man who was a fool with words.

I am rather sceptical in regard to all eloquent attacks on speech. One may admit that the tongue is an unruly member, given to bitterness and lying as well as to truth and gentleness, but on the whole silence can claim no superiority over speech such as the proverbs suggest. Hence we do not choose our friends among the silent. On meeting a singularly silent man, we do not say to ourselves: "So-and-so never says a word: we must invite him to dinner." Most of the people we like best are people who talk far too much. Listen to a group of friends, and you will notice how they are constantly scrambling for a place in the conversation. Sentences break into sentences like waves at a river-mouth, and, before one sentence is finished, another sentence is begun from another corner of the room. Some conversations are like games of tennis, in which several balls are kept flying over the net simultaneously. So eager for speech are most of those present that the weaker-throated members of the company seldom get further than a half-sentence such as "What I always say is ——." (I think Mr. Logan Pearsall-Smith has, in *Trivia*, a thumb-nail sketch of a man who has never been allowed to say more than "What I always say is ——" at the dinner-table.) And the dinner-parties that we remember most kindly are those at which there has been an excess of conversation, not those at which there has been an excess of silence.

What worse purgatory can a silent man endure than to be placed at a dinner-party between two perfectly silent women? This matters little enough where the conversation is general, but at those tables at which the guest is expected to talk to each of his neighbours in turn, how torturing is the situation! How mellifluous would sound even a remark from the lady on his right upon the wetness of the day! I have known men, however, so unskilled in the art of conversation that, on hearing such a remark, they could only smile and answer, "Yes." I knew one poet who on such occasions could only smile without saying anything, and wait for his nerve-stricken

neighbour to proceed with her meteorology. It is one of the worst faults of silence that it gets on the nerves. I knew a charming hostess who confessed that she always looked forward with apprehension to having as her chief guest an eminent statesman to whom she did not know how to talk. She was a lady who greatly and modestly underestimated her own intelligence, and imagined that she was a dunce because she could not talk about Hegel. And, as she could not talk to the statesman about Hegel—which was his pet subject—she said nothing and was in a flutter of nerves till the meal was over. Having watched the statesman at her table, I came to the conclusion that she was mistaken. I do not think that he wanted to talk about Hegel or anything else. He was a man, it seemed to me, who enjoyed good food and good wine and who was perfectly content to sit eating and drinking without the interruption of words. Little do these elderly gourmets realise the consternation their silent absorption in baby turkey causes in the hearts of their hostesses.

Not being an eloquent conversationalist myself, I am under no illusions as to the virtues of silence. When I hold my tongue, it is not through strength of character; it is because I cannot do anything else. Some of my earliest memories are of those hideous moments at parties when I was introduced to a little tongue-tied girl to whom I did not know what on earth to say. At such moments everything would be all right if one could keep one's head. If one could keep one's head one would realise that, rather than stand stupidly silent, it was better to ask even some abruptly fatuous question like: "Do you like apples?" Food is always a bond, even among the ordinarily silent. I have overheard lovers on Hampstead Heath carrying on quite a good conversation on the subject of cold ham. The silent child, however, is particularly fastidious about the things he says, and discards nearly everything that comes into his head as too silly to be worth saying. As he gets older he learns that there is nothing too silly to be worth saying. Hence the comparative success of most parties. Everybody acts on the principle, "Anything to avoid that dreadful lull." Simonides might have gone home from a party boasting that he had not said a single word during the evening and had helped by his conspicuous silence and refusal to speak to anybody to reduce the party on several occasions to a condition of anguish. If he had been an Englishman, however, he would afterwards have found fewer and fewer invitations on his mantelpiece. Possibly, he would not have minded that.

I am sure, however, few people would agree with Simonides in regretting what they have said oftener than what they have left unsaid. Take letter-writing, for example. I feel regretful about scarcely three letters that I have written in the course of my life; but I feel deeply regretful about three thousand that I ought to have written and did not write. To communicate is not only one of the great pleasures of life: it is one of the great duties of life; and Simonides will never persuade me that the non-letter-writer has or ought to have as clear a conscience as the letter-writer. The worst of not writing letters is that one writes them hundreds of times in one's head, and wastes hours during sleepless nights repenting of not having written them in ink.

And is it not the same in regard to many of the things one might have said and did not? The semi-dumb man finds himself in a difficulty in the utterance both of compliments and of witticisms. His friends do not know, except by a process of inference, how much he likes them. Some reluctance of the tongue prevents him from praising them—their looks, their clothes, their noble conduct, their work—as he longs to do. I know a man who has never paid a higher compliment to the most beautiful of his wife's beautiful frocks than a kind of grunt. I often think he must have proposed to her in dumb show. This inarticulateness in the expression of admiration and affection might have appealed to Simonides, but then Simonides was a master of language and knew nothing of the agonies of inarticulateness and the aftermath of repentance it brings.

The only good thing I know about inarticulateness is that, while it hinders a man from telling the people he likes how much he likes them, it also prevents him from telling the people he dislikes how much he dislikes them. It is almost impossible for him to say to a woman, "What a beautiful frock you are wearing!" but it is still more impossible for him to say to a woman, "What a fright you look in that frock!" He is unable to say to a friend, after listening to an after-dinner speech, "By George, you were in great form to-night!" but he is also unable to say to another friend, "By George, old man, that forty-minutes' speech of yours ought to be patented by a chemist and sold as a soporific!" Thus, there are some compensations for those who are cursed with a talent for silence. On the other hand, even the most loquacious people seem able to suppress their feelings about those whom they would like to insult, while giving free expression to their feelings about those whom they wish to praise or flatter. Anybody except a Diogenes can hold his tongue about unpleasant truths. The silent man's trouble is that he feels compelled to hold his tongue even about pleasant truths.

As for witticisms, everybody knows that the man who failed to make the brilliant retort that he thought of too late repents far more bitterly than the man who had the presence of mind to make the brilliant retort at the right moment. Who can doubt which of the two feels happier in his soul on returning home after a party?

Hence, I believe that loquacity is more of a virtue than a vice. The wisest men, from Solomon and Socrates down, have been mainly loquacious—as soon, at least, as they got out of earshot of their still more loquacious wives. Literature is merely a form of loquacity: statesmanship is another. England has never chosen a dumb Prime Minister, though America is said once to have chosen an almost dumb President. As regards other walks of life, what chance would a silent clergyman have of becoming Archbishop of Canterbury, and what business concern would advertise for a strong, silent advertising manager? Most of the ablest men I know are talkative. They persuade themselves that they admire the strong, silent man, but that is only because he listens to them. When the strong, silent man and the strong, talkative man meet, the strong, silent man is as putty in the strong, talkative man's hands.

Hence, I conclude, both on moral and practical grounds, that speech is golden and silence silver—and, as a rule, merely silver-plating at that.

Y. Y.

THIS ENGLAND

Readers are invited to send us cuttings suitable for inclusion in this column. Address: 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

If we had fifteen men in England like the Prince of Wales the country's troubles would be ended in twenty-four hours.—Mr. E. Doran, M.P.

Lionel Britton's *Spacetime Inn* has now been licensed by the Lord Chamberlain on condition that the character of Queen Victoria shall be changed to that of Britannia.—*The Bookseller*.

The East Anglian fishing season of 1933 precipitated the crisis, when nature added to the fishermen's troubles by providing an exceptionally abundant catch which forced the season to an early close and caused much hardship amongst the majority of the fleet.—*A Survey of Economic Conditions in Scotland*, by the Clydedale Bank.

An illustration in your serial story, *The Nine Tailors*, shows bell-ringers in action with one of them drinking from a beer mug in the belfry.

May I point out that publication of such an illustration (apparently based on events of a century ago) conveys a false impression, and is an insult to the 40,000 church bell-ringers in this country whose activities are comparatively little known to the public generally?—Protest in the *Daily Express* by the Hon. Secretary, Surrey Association of Change Ringers.

We do not think that hounds will break up a fox which has been rubbed with aniseed with the fury and the gusto that they would a clean run one, if indeed, they will break him up at all.—Leading article in the *Field.*

The chairman of the Rugby and district branch of the (Dickens) Fellowship, writes that he is "instructed to express the appreciation of the branch of your public-spirited action in setting forth this work in the daily Press. It is no easy matter to talk about Christ in a material world and I very much doubt if any combination other than Dickens and the *Daily Mail* could have achieved it with success.—*Daily Mail.*

Lord Lamington . . . said that although the B.B.C. intended to give the 24-hour system a trial, it would be a dilatory action to await the results thereof. As to the criticism that there was no public demand for the change, the fact that the House of Lords, which represented all aspects of national life, had twice expressed approval of the 24-hour system was a sufficient answer—Report of debate in the Lords. *Modern Transport.*

THE PSYCHOLOGIST AND THE LAW-BREAKER

OUR reaction from Lombroso's theory of the criminal type, on the one hand, and from Kant's notions of retribution, on the other, has landed many of us in an equally untenable position. Contemporary writers on crime and punishment mostly seem to have a sentimental regard for those who break the laws of their country, out of all proportion to their concern for those who observe them. The man or woman who has failed to abide by the rules of the game, and has had the bad luck to be detected, is pretty sure of a vocal sympathy rarely accorded to those conventional souls who are prepared to take their turn with the rest.

"You admit," I said to my friend, "that an organised society, like an organised game, must have rules of some sort; and that quite a lot of people, from one motive or another, will be inclined to disregard them. You will probably agree that the observance of these rules is so important to society's peace of mind and general well-being that penalties should be attached to their breach. Our custom is to send many of these law-breakers to prison. What would you do with them?"

"Well, I certainly wouldn't send anybody to prison," he replied. "If an individual failed to observe the agreed rules, I would have him thoroughly investigated by a psychologist, and afterwards scientifically treated by a competent doctor or schoolmaster. Crime is as much a disease as is measles or diabetes, and it should be treated on fundamentally similar lines."

"Of course," I half agreed, "three-quarters of the people who are sent to prison ought never to be sent there; but surely that is the fault of our economic system and of our laws; and it is you and I who are responsible for the continuance of that system and of those laws."

Another friend of mine, one of the most generous-minded doctors I have ever come across, has lately written a book* in which he discusses this problem in the light of his experience as a doctor and as a Borough magistrate. I have just read that book, and a very interesting one I have found it. It well illustrates many of the difficulties, as well as many of the faults, of our judicial system, as it functions under the aegis of an unpaid magistracy. I defy any man with a human heart and human intelligence to practice medicine among working people without becoming obsessed by the idea that the poor rarely get a fair deal. When my doctor friend sits on the bench at the police court, he finds himself in an atmosphere almost diametrically unlike that of his consulting-room. The patients who consult him come, of their own free will, for help and guidance; and he fully appreciates the privileges and responsibilities thus conferred or thrown on him. The individuals brought before him and his fellow magistrates appear in the courts, not voluntarily, but perforce. They are there, not primarily to be helped, but to be tried, and, if thought necessary, to be punished. Many of them are poor and illiterate; nearly all are unversed in the technicalities of the law. In this book (which I advise everyone interested in these things to read) are adduced many pathetic and tragic examples of essential injustice, calculated to make any sympathetic observer question the soundness of the basis on which our whole judicial and penological system is built. But what is the alternative? Is it that suggested by the friend I first quoted—to abolish our formal judicature with its defined penalties; substituting a system of medical diagnosis, followed by whatever undefined treatment is considered by the expert diagnostician or his scientific colleagues to be appropriate to the case? Is the prospect thus opened up so very attractive? Can the record of the psychologists and the eugenists be characterised as reassuring?

Many persons who appear in the courts on criminal charges have no obvious character abnormalities; and differ from those of us who are still at large in little else but that they have been found out, or that they own spirits more courageous or adventurous. They stand in no more need of moral reformation than do the rest of us. There remains a considerable number of men and women whose criminal acts are essentially due to their abnormal emotional make-up. One or other of those potent impulses which are part of our common inheritance is absent, or inherently weak, or weak through lack of opportunity and use; or it is hypertrophied through inheritance or training. Weakness of the social instinct, or of the instinct of pity or tenderness, accounts for the greater part of the truly heinous crimes that can fairly be attributed to defective character.

Common-sense, honesty, determination and courage on our part, rather than maudlin attempts to "reform" either the unreformable or the victims of our own insincerity, are the things called for. It is, of course, true that neither a scientific criminology nor a scientific penology will ever be constructed until we get a good deal clearer in our minds the very varied motives that drive different people to break the laws, and take these motives into serious consideration in allotting appropriate preventive or curative measures. We need to keep in mind that the prime object of laws is, or should be, the well-being of those—the majority—who are prepared to observe them, not the well-being of those who break them. Nobody to-day can seriously defend the infliction of pain unless it is going to do good to someone. Nobody wants to punish certifiable lunatics, even if they are homicidal ones, but obviously they must be imprisoned somewhere or somehow. Indeed, I don't suppose that any truly intelligent person, realising that everyone acts as he (given his psychic make-up and his circumstances) must act, would attempt to justify any form of punishment other than on grounds of expediency.

That brings us to the real issue. Who are they whom it is expedient to punish? How can they severally be most effectively punished with the minimum of injury to their health and character and ultimate well-being; and what is the most useful treatment we can apply to those whose breaches of the law are of a kind on which punishment is likely to have little or no deterrent effect? Once we have accepted this statement of the fundamental issues, I believe that any educated man of average sensibility is as capable of appropriate discrimination and of prescribing appropriate therapeutic measures as are nine out of ten doctors or professional psychologists. Technicians for advice on technical points by all means; but criminal diagnosis can most safely be left in the hands of common men, like judges and jurymen, whose habits of thought are not so remote from those of the men and women brought before them. Their limitations and mistakes we all know; but not all of us seem to be aware of the limitations of the doctors and psychologists. Applied psychology, regarded as a specialist technique, is a scientific novelty; and the variety of its results gives food for scepticism. In any event, no man's morale is likely to be improved whilst he is confined

*Psychology in Court. By a Doctor. *Williams & Norgate.* 5s.

within prison walls. If imprisonment is to have any meaning, it must inevitably be based on force, destruction of liberty and spontaneity, limitation of individual responsibility, and extreme inequality of status. Whilst doing our best to abolish useless cruelty, even to the cruel, let us not waste a lot of time and energy in efforts to "reform" our prisoners. Such time and energy were far better devoted to amending our laws and remedying the social conditions and economic injustices which lie at the root of so large a proportion of the offences that land men and women in prison. The residual problem will then be more clear; and by then it is possible that the psychotherapists will have brought their art to a stage that will make it possible for them to make a real contribution to the curative treatment of our social defectives and moral eccentrics.

HARRY ROBERTS

FREE AND INDEPENDENT

"We must be independent and free; we must preserve our full latitude of discretion and choice."—Mr. Winston Churchill on Air Estimates.

How proud was the freedom of primitive man
Ere he stooped to accept the dictates of the clan!
Enslaved by no parliaments, courts or police,
Accepting no risks in enforcing the peace;
Though the fear of attack was his constant obsession,
He could yield or resist at his single discretion,
If a neighbour, incited by malice or whim,
Should employ *his* discretion in murdering him.

What freedom men had from restrictions we hate
Ere hygiene became an affair of the State;
When the rule was still simply to do as you please
In reporting, or curbing, infectious disease.
Then men put themselves first, never wasting their labours
On averting the evils that threatened their neighbours;
And if, in the upshot, they died from infection,
Yet, at least, they'd lived free from all legal inspection.

Independent no longer, harsh edicts control,
For our bodily welfare, our freedom of soul.
Yet as nations, it seems, we still value the purity
Of the freedom we bartered for health and security.
We may use, it appears, our discretion, to cease
From all practical schemes for enforcement of peace,
And, while eyeing all treaty commitments askance,
Remain free—to abide by the hazards of chance.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

A REAL LEAGUE OF NATIONS

SIR,—That is no *real* League of Nations which "Japan, Mussolini, Hitler, and Sir John Simon" have "succeeded in reducing to a state of suspended animation!"

Now that this phantom League seems really on the point of fading away, as all but ostriches with their heads buried in the sand must have anticipated, we do well to begin to consider ways and means of forming a real one.

A system of collective security "attained by the creation of a nucleus of non-Fascist, non-militarist States, both within and without the League, prepared to bind themselves by the obligations of such a system of collective security" will scarcely suffice, but its suggestion is illuminating as regards the failure to establish a real League at the start. So also is the suggestion that the group might include "Britain, the U.S.A., France and Russia, as well as the smaller democratic States." It is clear that the non-Fascist, non-militarist States of to-day (if there are any non-militarist States) are those satisfied with the Treaty of Versailles as it affects themselves and others, whilst those dissatisfied with their lot under that treaty are Fascist and militarist. If we wish to repeat the drama of the pre-war and war years, by all means let us once more divide into separate groups, the non-Fascist and non-militarist nations on the one side and the Fascist and militarist on the other. But if we want a real League we must unite them. For this the "pooled power of the Great States" is indispensable and that can only be obtained through the revision of the Treaty of Versailles, inasmuch, and in so far, as that revision is in the true League spirit. Failing readiness to revise the Treaty there is absolutely no evidence of such a spirit, we are still all (in effect) content to muddle and manoeuvre on as in the past, and only *pretending* to have new plans and ideals.

Hitler, naturally—as representing Germany, an immediate victim of the old system—has shown more consciousness of what the "common man" expected of the League than all the victor-statesmen together; witness his new relations with Poland, his declaration that the "Corridor" question could have been arranged to the satisfaction of both the nations concerned and that Germany has no desire to regain Alsace-Lorraine. Of course we can imagine more sinister policies with which to debit him, but have we any right to? I, for one, am ashamed to think what ludicrous hypocrites we victor League-makers must appear to those last victims of what, from within a true League of Nations, might really be looked upon as "the old, bad system."

71 Park Avenue, B. BURNE
Hull.

SPANISH POLITICS

SIR,—Your "correspondent in Madrid" would appear to be very ill-informed in imagining that Señores Azaña and Prieto are endeavouring to create "a Syndicalist State." Neither of them has any such ambitions. Señor Prieto is a moderate Right-wing Socialist of impeccable respectability; Señor Azaña, the ex-Premier, is not even a Socialist, let alone a Syndicalist. He is what we should call a Radical, and what in continental politics is called a Radical-Socialist—a term which has, of course, nothing to do with Socialism, though the unwary are often trapped by it.

Nor does Syndicalism "appear to be the general Spanish idea of Communism," except to the uninformed. There are three sections within the Spanish working-class, utterly distinct and confused together by nobody. They are indeed not only distinct but hostile, though the rapid advance of Fascism has forced upon them a temporary truce. Reading from Right to Left they are: (1) The Socialist Party, which is the most numerous; (2) the Communists, who are divided and not very important; (3) the Syndicalists, who are anarchist in philosophy and are most powerful in Catalonia. The last-named are a well-established feature of Spanish life, and so far from being "unknown and untried" have a history of over half a century, including actual control of towns like Alcoy and San Lucar under the first Republic.

RAYMOND W. POSTGATE

THE BANNING OF UNIFORMS

SIR,—*A propos* of what "Critic" wrote in THE NEW STATESMAN a week or two ago, on the desirability of forbidding at the very beginning the use of uniforms by Fascists and others and on the alleged difficulties of such a measure, it may interest your readers that the Dutch Government, soon after they came to office in 1933, brought in a Bill which got force of law in the following wording:

> He who wears in public articles of dress or showy distinctive marks which are expressive of a definite political aspiration will be punished with prison for a time not exceeding 12 days or with a fine not exceeding 150 guilders.

Till now, the effect has been quite satisfactory. All political uniforms, etc., have disappeared with a stroke and only a few prosecutions have been needed. D. VAN EMBDEN, Senator
Amsterdam.

SIR,—I am sorry to find even the NEW STATESMAN joining in the current outcry for banning the wearing of "political uniforms."

I hold no brief whatever for the Blackshirts, but I fail to see why we should go out of our way to provide them either with more publicity than their comic-opera antics have already obtained for them in the less enlightened portion of the press, or why they should be allowed such a cheap and painless form of martyrdom

out of which, with Lord Rothermere's assistance, they could make unlimited capital.

Banning black shirts would, after all, be a singularly futile piece of petty persecution and is a pure side-issue. The real trouble with Fascism is its lawlessness, and surely that can be dealt with by the existing law just as much in Fascists as in hunger marchers?

The Fascist uniform so admirably symbolises the Fascist mentality that it should be encouraged, not suppressed. While it continues to be worn, we shall know them for the cheapjack imitations of Mussolini they really are, a political Salvation Army with neither faith nor works of their own.

Apart from anything else, the wearing of the black shirt makes the job of the police so much easier and tends to minimise the possibility of mistaken arrests. Banning the black shirt is, in short, equivalent to insisting that burglars shall not wear masks! And the really dangerous forms of Fascism in this country are neither called "Fascism" nor heralded by any departure from the sartorial traditions which the British ruling class reveres equally with its religion and its sports. J. STEWART COOK

The School House,
Sproughton, Suffolk.

PRE-WAR WAGES

SIR,—Permit me to thank Mr. Newboult. I am not really ignorant concerning pre-war wages. I was thinking of specific instances where wages actually were "three pounds ten a week, perhaps four pounds"—in the Black Country. Of course the average was a great deal less. Not so very long before the war the standard wage for labourers was 18*s*., as I pointed out in your columns at the time. The point at issue, however, is not really affected by my apparent slip; a regular wage, and the probability that it will continue, is quite different from no wage at all, and no prospect of one. FRANK G. LAYTON

Walsall.

MR. WALTER ELLIOT

SIR,—In his Jeremiad in your last issue, "Mr. Elliot Misses the Boat," Mr. Garratt betrays a really astonishing ignorance of what Mr. Elliot has or has not done during his term of office. Mr. Elliot is not primarily responsible either for the Milk Scheme, or the Bacon Scheme, or Quotas. All three were the result of independent inquiry by Reorganisation Commissions set up by his predecessor, Sir John Gilmour, under Dr. Addison's Act of 1931. What Mr. Elliot has done is vigorously to put into effect the recommendations of these Commissions, by encouraging the setting up of the two Marketing Boards and by introducing the Agricultural Marketing Act of 1933. What more, or less, could he have done? Moreover, in direct contradiction to Mr. Garratt's statement, he provided for the compulsory organisation of manufacturers of agricultural products, which was *not included* in Dr. Addison's Act. Bacon manufacturers are already organised, and if the press is correct, Mr. Elliot is doing his best to get a Development Board for the whole industry set up at once. Several other schemes are known to be on the way—sugar amongst them.

Much of Mr. Garratt's criticism of existing Marketing Boards is, no doubt, to the point, and his objection to the subsidy to milk sound. As he points out, however, the Treasury and not Mr. Elliot is the culprit, and in any case, a considerable part of the money is to be spent on milk for schools and on cleaning up herds. His general attitude of pessimism is, however, really absurd. None of the Boards have been in existence for more than a few months yet, and it is ridiculous to suppose that they have even got past the stage of improvision. Everyone, Mr. Elliot included, regards them as experimental. How can they be anything else, unless indeed Mr. Garratt's Socialism would provide for complete, watertight, and unassailable organisation from the word go?

It is most unfortunate that Socialists, in their desire to make debating points, are not more generous to Mr. Elliot. He makes mistakes, no doubt, and who does not? But the cry of "dear food" or "gentlemanly Fascism," which is the best that most of my fellow-members of the Labour Party can muster, is a poor gibe to throw at a man who, on the basis of a Socialist Act, is making the most aggressive attempt at economic reconstruction of the past decade.

Moreover, it compares unfavourably with Mr. Elliot's own wise and generous action in appointing the last Socialist Minister of Agriculture, Dr. Addison, to the Chairmanship of the Eggs and Poultry Reorganisation Commission. K

OVERLOOKED

SIR,—Many students of our national insurance scheme have considered that its worst fault is its failure to provide for the man who carries on a little business of his own. It is definitely unjust that State grants in illness, disablement, old age (from 65 to 70), and unemployment, as well as pensions for widows and orphans, should be given to some citizens and withheld from others whose need is equally great. The injustice is perhaps seen at its most flagrant in that provision of the Widows, Orphans and Old Age Contributory Pensions Act, 1925, which puts the insured person in a favoured position in regard to payments under another series of Acts, the Old Age Pensions Acts, 1908–1924. These Old Age Pensions Acts are not, as yet, contributory, and pensions under them are paid entirely out of money provided by the taxpayer. Yet the Insurance Act of 1925 secures to insured persons preferential treatment in regard to this State pension, enacting that they shall receive the maximum pension without question, free from the conditions as to nationality, residence and means to which all others are subject, and shall be entitled to it at the age of 65, though others become pensionable only at 70.

Not only is it unjust, it is clearly inexpedient to exclude the self-employer from insurance. He and his family may well become in consequence a drag upon social progress: indeed, through being, for many purposes, outside the national health services, he may be an actual danger to the community. The disadvantage of exclusion becomes more serious as by one Act of Parliament after another the value of State-subsidised insurance is increased; as it is being increased at the present moment by the Unemployment Insurance Bill now before Parliament. And there is another sort of inexpediency involved in taking status (the status of a servant) as the basis of inclusion instead of need, since by this means a class distinction is created and perpetuated. And we have had abundant evidence that the interests of the insured class are not always identical with those of the general public.

Would that our rulers and ex-rulers, when they meet to congratulate each other upon our twenty-one years' experience of State insurance, would remember that a large number of needy people have had no good of it. However great the need for the insured person—or even for the insured, unemployed person—to have his subvention from public funds increased, it cannot be as great as the need of the man altogether outside to be brought into insurance. Yet every new Insurance Act so far, instead of broadening the basis of the system, has built up higher the privileges of the section already insured. We already have two-party insurance for those who have left insurable employment, why should not this be extended to all who need it? These independent workers are valuable people. They do much useful work. The necessity they are under to accumulate a certain amount of capital, and to direct their own work, secures that they are hard-working and thrifty above the average. They are apt, too, to be of rather outstanding independence of mind, and are therefore a valuable element in our national life. It would be a loss if they were crushed out. Yet many such men have been driven, in the recent hard times, to give up their little businesses and seek an employer in order to qualify for insurance, as men, long ago, "commended themselves in the evil days for bread." This pressure upon the tiny capitalist to assume the status of servant would seem to be akin to the Bolshevist forcing of the independent peasant into the collective farm and exclusion of those who are not factory workers from the best shops. Here, as in Russia, uniformity and mass mentality are promoted, and social life loses in variety, colour and zest. EDITH M. D. MARVIN

THE CO-OPS.

SIR,—In the article called the "Anti-Co-operative Stunt" in your issue of March 10th, you say that Co-ops. "are the victims of an unfair boycott imposed by the capitalist producers of proprietary branded goods to be paid in respect of goods which are supplied on condition that they must not be sold below a standard price." While I have every sympathy with the Co-ops. taking "trade" from inefficient private traders who, through their inefficiency, merely increase the cost of distribution of goods to consumers, I feel there is something to be said on the other

side when this "trade" is narrowed down to a specific price-maintained product. Take, for instance, radio receivers, the leading proprietary makes of which are supplied to retailers under definite resale conditions. The manufacturers who impose the conditions go to a considerable trouble in seeing that they are maintained, and in many cases refuse supplies to retailers who sell at "cut prices" as a policy.

Suppose, for simplicity, that the list price of a set is £16. The retailer who adheres to the undertaking given to the manufacturer has to sell at this price, but the Co-op. that gives a "divi" of 1*s.* 6*d.* in the pound would sell the same set at £14 16*s.* Moreover, to sell at this price the Co-op. as often as not appeals directly to the cupidity of the customer. "Full dividends on all wireless transactions" and "it will pay you to buy through the Co-op." are freely advertised. No wonder private traders object, and no wonder that many radio manufacturers in their interests (since private traders do a large proportion of the radio business of the country) require that Co-ops. shall not give dividends on their products and refuse supplies if the required undertaking regarding dividends is not given. I maintain that there is no victimisation or unfairness in this. It would definitely be unjust for it to be otherwise on proprietary lines sold both by Co-ops. and by private traders.

Further, it should be noted that where the Co-op. agrees to the undertaking, the gross profits from sales of the price-maintained articles are added to the income of the society, and are thus available for its general surplus. This argument, of course, does not apply to the Co-op.'s own proprietary lines. I personally welcome any contribution that the Co-op. movement can give to the rationalisation of distribution in this country—in other words, to the reduction of the cost of getting goods from factory to consumer.

E. A. LEVER

8 Monksdene Gardens,
Angel Hill, Sutton, Surrey.

CLARKE HALL

SIR,—The Archbishop of York is to deliver the first Clarke Hall Lecture on March 19th in the Hall of Gray's Inn, which the Benchers of the Inn have very kindly lent for the occasion. The Lord Chancellor will take the chair, and in addition to a number of judges, metropolitan magistrates and prison officers there will be present a very representative audience of interested persons.

The Clarke Hall Lectures have been inaugurated to commemorate and continue the work of the late Sir William Clarke Hall, the metropolitan magistrate who became known far and wide as a pioneer of Juvenile Courts and of the probation system. By his close personal contact with offenders, both old and young, who came before him, Clarke Hall was brought to the conclusion that nothing was more likely to reduce the incidence of serious crime than the establishment of an efficient system of probation throughout the country; through the services of the probation officer the Courts are able to secure valuable information that enables them to decide what treatment is best calculated to save an offender from drifting on into crime, and by the oversight and friendship of the officers the magistrates are able to watch over the offender in his own home.

The Clarke Hall Fellowship, which was formed twelve months ago, is responsible for the organisation of the lectures, and exists, too, for the development of the National Association of Probation Officers—a valuable movement organised and conducted by the probation officers themselves for ensuring the most efficient methods of dealing with offenders who come before the courts.

The new Children Act which came into force last November provides a framework for the organisation of practical and effective handling of young delinquents, but to get the best results from the new Act it is essential that justices, probation officers and all others concerned should have before them clear ideals to guide them in their important humanitarian work.

GERTRUDE M. TUCKWELL.

WAGNER AND MR. W. J. TURNER

SIR,—In your last issue your music critic offers the view that "the last half of the nineteenth century was, musically speaking, one of the most corrupt and vicious in the whole history of music."

This was the period that produced, among others, the music of Wagner, Brahms, Richard Strauss, Dvorak, Grieg, Puccini, Saint-Saëns, Gounod, Bizet, Delibes and Tchaikovsky. If this was, as Mr. Turner says, the Black Age of music, I am one among a few millions who are content to share it with such company.

When, however, Mr. Turner proceeds to speak of "the cheapness, sordidness, empty vulgarity, brazen effrontery, materialistic pretentiousness and lack of taste that characterise the music of Wagner," and refers to those who received these "imitation pearls" as "real swine," I would ask whether the limits of decency in criticism are not being surpassed. The "swine" in question include educated people and people of taste in every country of the civilised world, and I imagine well over 90 per cent. of the musical readers of your journal will share with me a feeling of deep indignation that a critic should be permitted such licence.

VIVIAN CARTER

"Sunnybank,"
Woodcote Valley Road, Purley.

SIR,—In his latest denunciation of Wagner, Mr. Turner has gone a little too far. Especially is it not quite fair to attempt to debase the composer of the *Siegfried Idyll* and the second act of the *Mastersingers* to the level of the composer of *Dinorah* and *Robert the Devil*.

Meyerbeer was the musician who sought and accepted hints from the *chef de claque* at the rehearsals of his operas as to suitable emendations in their musical climaxes, and who took three flats in his town house, inhabiting the middle one, so that no one above or below should be able to hear him "cooking" his music on the pianoforte.

Whatever fate Wagner's music may deserve, it does not merit the oblivion which has justly overtaken that of Meyerbeer, and is it not a little thoughtless of Mr. Turner to suggest that it does?

35 Lansdowne Gardens, S.W.8. S. F. W.

Miscellany

VANESSA BELL

MRS. WOOLF in a delightful foreword to the catalogue of the exhibition of paintings by Vanessa Bell at the Lefevre Galleries emphasises its integrity as the characteristic of Mrs. Bell's work. "A meaning," she writes, "is given to familiar things that makes them seem strange. . . . Everywhere life has been rid of its accidents, shown in its essence." In a period in which painting tends to be theoretical rather than visual and where the critic as artist has replaced the artist as critic, one must accord a special welcome to pictures like Mrs. Bell's which are emotive rather than intellectual, the product of a personal vision rather than of a personal aesthetic concept.

Mrs. Bell's art is the art of one who is primarily a colourist. "Greens, blues, reds and purples," as Mrs. Woolf puts it, "are here seen making love and war and joining in unexpected combinations of exquisite married bliss." The greatest successes of the exhibition, *Flowers by the Telephone* (21) or *Still-Life in the Kitchen* (15), are the successes of a colourist, and it is this perhaps which explains the inferiority of Mrs. Bell's portraits to her landscapes and even of her landscapes to her still-lives. Generically still-life alone provides an invariable opportunity for her gay, luxuriant, ingenuous palette; the purely pictorial problems presented by the plumage of a pheasant, the surface of an egg, the texture of an apple are solved with far greater completion than the psychological questions which portraits like *Virginia Woolf* (13) or *Mrs. Grant* (20) pose. As a portrait-painter Mrs. Bell has precisely the quality of hard aloofness that gives distinction to her still-lives; what in portrait-painting is her weakness elsewhere is her strength. If the British Art Exhibition leaves behind it any lesson, it is the rareness of the combination of a capacity for painting portraits with an essentially pictorial vision. At all events, if in the majority of cases the two cannot be reconciled there can be no question (after the British Exhibition particularly) which we would choose. The complete portrait demands psychological interest in addition to the pictorial faculty by which good painting as such is conditioned, and in a sense Mrs. Bell is too essentially a painter to accede to extra-pictorial demands.

Landscape less than portraiture calls for the evocative sympathy Mrs. Bell is without, and her work in it consequently is proportionately more successful. In two winter studies, *Tilton in Snow* (10) and *The Frozen Pond* (24), and in *The Garden in April* (32) Mrs. Bell's art is seen almost at its most perfect. Of what use to complain that the vision which can record with indelible objectivity warm, purple-brown hedges dissecting the white expanse of snow or the brilliant, sparse effect of spring lacks sensibility? Indeed, it is easiest to appreciate how good Mrs. Bell's landscapes are if one uses the Morland show at Tooth's, which contains what for Morland is an excellent snow scene, as a curtain-raiser to her exhibition. Everyone who came away from Burlington House feeling that after all Morland was not so bad a painter should visit Tooth's for ten minutes' disillusionment, if only for the disagreeable spectacle of a sincere, scrupulously experimental painter defying an innate indifference to form or colour, obedient to artificial tactile conventions. Mrs. Bell's landscape by contrast has all the actuality of fresh reaction, the conviction of a personal apprehension of colour and of a grasp of form which if less personal and less secure still forms for it an efficient complement. Judged as compositions merely Mrs. Bell's pictures (*The Garden in April* is a brilliant exception) comparatively seldom give us the agreeable shock that her genius for colouring incessantly imparts.

Portraiture presupposes psychological sensitivity, landscape the sense of form of which Cézanne has been perhaps the fullest exponent. In still-life painting the psychological demands are nil, the compositional effort is self-conscious; it asks, in fact, for precisely the qualities with which Mrs. Bell is ready to endow it, and the result naturally enough is painting which can at its best give undiluted pleasure and at its less than best a welcome reminder of joys past and to come. Three or four of the still-lives in Mrs. Bell's exhibition are at least as good as any similar English pictures produced within the last ten years (and better, one is tempted to say on the analogy of Burlington House, than anything in the preceding century). Her mauve michaelmas daisies and red tulips are animated by an intense *joie de vivre*, her basket of flowers rustles with audacious brightness, her black telephone serves only to accentuate a struggling pyramid of colour. And such satisfaction is not, fortunately, a matter of a few individual works, for though one is at times reminded of Constable's fondness for quoting Johnson's aphorism, "That which is greatest is not always best," how many English painters can put forward thirty-six pictures of so high a standard?

JOHN POPE-HENNESSY

The New LIFE AND LETTERS

The first number of LIFE AND LETTERS in its new monthly form (2*s*.) will be ready next week. In a long essay on *War and Emotions* Aldous Huxley discusses some overlooked aspects of the forces governing war and peace and the probable issue of a World Psychological Conference. Wyndham Lewis, in *The Dumb Ox*, contributes a vigorous critique of Ernest Hemingway. An important poem, *The Nuncio*, comes from Herbert Read, and Eric Linklater writes on the virtue of smallness in nationalism. Bonamy Dobrée describes a stimulating *Experiment with Rhyme* and in *An Irish Schooling* Seán O'Faoláin gives a curiously vivid picture of a school in Cork as it was fifteen or twenty years ago. Stories by Stephen Spender, G. F. Green and Jenny Ballou are typical of the new vitality in the short story form, and G.W. Stonier's set of nine *London Pictures* is an interesting experiment in another prose form. *Cross-Section* contains a variety of current comments and criticisms, and the monthly criticisms of current books will revert to the tradition of anonymous reviewing.

The greatly enlarged form and scope of LIFE AND LETTERS set the magazine in a place of its own among the monthlies, and the contents planned for later issues bear out the promise of unusual variety and vitality shown in this one.

Specially favourable terms are offered on p. 428 of this issue to those who subscribe by March 22nd. More time is allowed to overseas subscribers.

THE WIND AND THE SEA

O, ELM is good for coffin wood—
Though straws would serve my turn—
Ash is for help and hardihood,
The larch is sweet to burn.
The blackthorn rigs its spars with snow;
The whitebeam is not white,
Yet when the wind begins to blow
It shines with silver light.

Now mark the high-grown solid beech,
Whose century of bloom
Has left no living tongue to teach
Who planted it, for whom.
Unruffled youth glides from those arms
As though some frolic fair
Pelagian verdure trailed its charms
Through seas of dreaming air.

A. E. COPPARD

TATTLE AND HORNER

Love for Love. By WILLIAM CONGREVE. *Sadler's Wells.*
The Country Wife. By WILLIAM WYCHERLEY. *Ambassadors.*

It has been the misfortune of the Restoration dramatists to be elbowed from the stage into the lecture-room. For many years they have been "Eng. Lit." rather than English Theatre. The reasons are obvious. Victorian taste drove them into exile. An epoch whose theatrical taste was romantic could not endure such ruthless rationalising of sex into animalism spiced with intrigue, nor could a public, so much addicted to the sniggering comedy of suggestion, enjoy so frank a pursuit of bawdy laughter. Furthermore, Macaulay had first whipped and then expelled the whole class; clever boys, he admitted, but not to be suffered in decent society. It was still considered an element of English culture to read Congreve and even to glance at Wycherley; they never were totally banished from the curriculum, in which style could be made an excuse for depravity. Play-producing societies occasionally admitted the great comedies to private stages; but the public theatre was generally closed to them.

Love for Love, for example, the most actable of Congreve's plays, seems to have been admitted once to the Gaiety Theatre (in 1871); otherwise it has been neglected as public entertainment for close upon ninety years. It plays better than *The Way of the World*, although it has nothing to equal Millamant. The literary critics are a trifle haughty over Mr. Tattle and Miss Prue, and thus reveal the injustice done to Restoration Comedy by the relegation to "Eng. Lit." Mr. Bonamy Dobrée, for example, whose study of "Restoration Comedy" frequently reveals as much insight as erudition, showed the usual literary bias when he wrote: "It (*Love for Love*) is often considered Congreve's best play and was very popular when first acted. But Congreve's best was not for the vulgar and we can imagine it was the return to a certain Jonsonian obviousness that made *Love for Love* so palatable to the playgoers." This association of the playgoers with debased standards and the aloof disdain for ordinary theatrical enjoyment are typical of the criticism which has befallen the drama of the late seventeenth century. Yet the plays were written to be acted and, if they succeed in exactly that medium for which they were intended, it is surely unreasonable to fault them for their suitability to their proper function. After all, to demand comparison with Jonson is no small merit in a dramatist.

At any rate, *Love for Love* emerged triumphantly from its

long repose. It had to combat the atmospheric chilliness of the Sadler's Wells Theatre, whose great blank walls, where once the boxes would have been, make the stage-life of the players seem cruelly remote. Further, it has neither a "star" part nor any place in the public mind or sympathy. But with its "Jonsonian obviousness," in other words, verve and vigour, it is well able to counter such handicaps, and Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, realising that there is as much breadth of humour as precision of wit in the fable, has not fussed his players with too many of the formalities associated with the ribboned shoe and high perruque. The nice conduct of a clouded cane does not interfere with the robust embodiment of a folly or a passion. The company attack the audience with gusto, true play-boys who never allow their natural force to be stifled by the solemn odours of great literature. Mr. Laughton, though his Tattle may be deemed too much of a jumped-up grocer and too little of a well-bred zany, sets the pace of the assault. There is never anything skin-deep about Mr. Laughton's acting; he conceives Tattle in his own way, but there are no half measures once the pattern is settled. The result is an odious, ogling, babbling, blundering creature, the very essence of a gilded jackanapes. Miss Elsa Lanchester, as the country baggage Miss Prue, plays her scenes with Tattle deliciously. If this be obviousness, let us have more of Congreve in the box-office mood. Old Foresight, dry as his own parchments, while he fidgets with the signs and omens, is a ninny on the Jonsonian scale, and Mr. Morland Graham knows exactly how to make a faint and wheezing senility carry its humours to a large auditorium. The parts in this piece are extremely well balanced, and the Liveseys (father and two sons), Miss Ursula Jeans, Miss Flora Robson, and Miss Athene Seyler all have their ample chances to roar, to cozen, or to dazzle, and the opportunities are satisfactorily, if not equally, seized.

I have never been persuaded that the Restoration dramatists, despite their own assertions, were fundamentally satirists. A bitter laughter is not satire, for satire implies disgust with that which is satirised. There must be hatred. Our modern smart comedies are falsely described as satirising modern smartness; it is too obvious that the authors are half in love with what they laugh at. They do not so much scourge the vices of the time as exploit them. And so with the Restoration. Congreve's bold claim "to lash this crying age" leaves me unconvinced. He used his wit to tickle ribs quite as much as to flay backs. Like the playwrights of our own time he exploited what he enjoyed instead of whipping what he loathed. The same is surely true of Wycherley, whose moral rage, sometimes taken so seriously by the literary critics, seems to be a modern invention. He laughs with Mr. Horner in *The Country Wife* far more than at him. I get no feeling of hatred for the adulterous monster. The mischievous story of Mr. Horner's pretended impotence and the "double entendres" about Mr. Horner's china can have no ethical excuse. To plead satiric wrath is mere humbug. Wycherley was a plain-dealer who knew the world in which he chose to live; he was a play-house servant of the public and he served his public amply. He pictured depravity for audiences who liked depravity and he did it with the saving power of a hard, metallic, merciless wit. This latter weapon, so brilliantly used, cuts away the lower grade of nastiness; he achieves an honest filthiness in which there is no taint of the feebly vulgar, no hesitant, side-line pandering to an appetite for the obscene. Mr. Carroll has not made mealy-mouthed excuses for producing *The Country Wife*. He assumes that our adult taste has now moved so far from romanticising sex that it will appreciate Wycherley's vision of sex without glamour and of society without conscience, shame, or sensibility. We can swallow our Horner without pretending that we do it for literature or for morality's sake. And it is perfectly true that Mr. Horner and my Lady Fidget are grand play-house company. Mr. Baliol Holloway's capture of a sinister laughter is complete and Miss Agnes Lauchlan brilliantly demonstrates that Miss Seyler has a powerful rival in the acting of witty wantons. Mr. Carroll's policy of opening the classical school, however scandalous, to the youngest modern players is obviously a long-term investment. Miss Leslie Wareing does prettily as the country wife and the experience will pay its dividends later on. Even those who think that *The Country Wife* has too much of the Restoration to be decently restored will be grateful to Mr. Carroll for setting up this academy of stylish acting in a city which, having no classical repertory, has little sense or practice of theatrical tradition. IVOR BROWN

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Magnolia Street"

Komisarjevsky's production of Louis Golding's novel as a panoramic play at the Adelphi should demonstrate finally the hopelessness of realistic technique in face of a theme in which the individual is subordinated to the idea. This is not to say that Mr. Golding's characters have not their own reality, when given space and time in which to project themselves. But when they form brief parts of a vast composite display, their personalities must necessarily be too perfunctorily sketched to be interesting. A certain minuteness of externals is not wanting, but there is no real persuasion to take the characters seriously. Can we then take *Magnolia Street* seriously? There is a sense of artificiality in the geographical symmetry whereby Jews face Gentiles across the no-man's-land of a Doomington thoroughfare, and this is enhanced by the surprising solidarity of the Christians who, unlike the strangers across the road, are under no psychological compulsion to love one another. But if this situation is accepted, the series of episodes resolves itself into a more subtle study of the conflict between mass brutality and suspicion on the one hand, and the gestures of humanity, liberated at times of stress and triumph, on the other. There are moments when this theme emerges clearly, notably when the Christian woman and the Jewess mourn their war-dead together; but more often it is smothered in atmosphere ranging from pure music-hall to an embarrassing Cavalcadian sentiment. The huge cast is magnificently handled, of course, and among a number of excellent portrait-sketches are those of Miss Beatrix Thomson as a Cockney slut, and Mr. Wolf Silberberg as a genial old marriage-broker.

"Anthony and Cleopatra"

The Marlowe Society's production of *Anthony and Cleopatra* at Cambridge, if not quite equal to their former triumphs in the great Shakespearian tragedies, was a most remarkable achievement. There was hardly a flaw in the speaking of the blank verse, a point which in itself was enough to make the performance an important and valuable experience. Whenever the scene was heroic, in the battles and councils, the actors rose to the full height of their opportunity and conveyed superbly the historical scale of the play and the hurry of events over the whole empire. The minor characters, Sextus Pompeius and Ventidius, were extremely well acted and did a great deal to produce this general effect. Of the more important characters, Enobarbus was perhaps allowed to indulge in too much buffoonery with an unfortunate result on his description of Cleopatra at Cydnus. And though Octavius was well acted, his over-heroic, imperious manner was the cause of a slight distortion in the balance of the play since he became too equal a match for Anthony as an heroic figure and too definitely a soldier. Anthony himself was magnificent as a hero and a soldier and most moving in his defeat and gradual decay. As a lover he was less convincing, particularly in the earlier scenes. Occasionally he suggested subtlety of feeling but seldom any violence of passion and only in the scenes of jealousy and reproach after Actium did he become wholly convincing. The part of Cleopatra, acted in defiance of the Marlowe Society's custom by a woman, is beyond the powers of any but a great actress. Yet if never completely adequate, the part was played with a great deal of spirit and considerable subtlety in the interpretation of emotion. Towards the end of the play, when this was of a tragic and not passionate nature, the part was played very finely. Best of all, the poetry of the last acts, in the speeches both of Anthony and Cleopatra, was perfectly spoken and intensely effective.

Another Embassy Triumph

The production of Aimée and Philip Stuart's play, *Sixteen*, at the Embassy adds another triumph to this little theatre's remarkable record of sound work. It is not only an exceedingly sensitive and intelligent play, but it is superbly played by a company

without a single weakness. When a young and attractive widow with an adoring adolescent daughter marries again suddenly, there is a prospect of psychological strain—and good drama. Irene Lawrence, brought up to believe that her father was considerably more of a heroic lover than he actually was, has become morbidly devoted to the marriage ideal which he symbolises, and her accidental discovery of her mother's new *affaire* shocks her beyond nature.

In a vivid agony of jealous horror, she half-strangles her younger sister who prattles happily of step-sisters-to-be, and wanders off to attempt suicide—unsuccessfully. The doctor-friend of the family provides the necessary counter-shock by telling her the truth about her father, and one gathers that she will adjust herself to a new world of realities. Within its limits the play is flawlessly constructed, save perhaps that we should be given some warning of Irene's violently passionate temperament. Miss Antoinette Cellier suggests it in some measure and shows herself to be a young actress of exceptional promise, her face speaking of tortures which only the very young can understand—a beautiful performance. In complete contrast, Miss Alexis France fairly bubbles with happy, selfish vitality as the thirteen-year-old sister. The names of Helen Haye and Muriel Aked in the cast will convey their own significance to theatre-goers and Messrs. Cecil Trouncer and H. G. Stoker are in excellent form. Altogether a most satisfying evening.

"Scat Singing"

Cab Calloway at the Palladium provides one of the rare opportunities of hearing really "hot" or improvised jazz. This negro art becomes essentially trite in those night clubs where the dancers are unable or unwilling to adapt themselves to the variegated and potent rhythms, but here is at its best. The original melodic theme is elaborated and even abandoned by the different instruments only to be used again as the starting point for fresh individual expression. Calloway conducts with his whole body, shaking his shaggy head, strutting, "sweeping a pigeon's wing," "falling off a log," "treading on a puppydog's tail"—traditional steps the titles of which explain themselves, and making a hundred other posturings of his own. His vocal feats are not merely displays of virtuosity but the means of expressing his very individual sense of humour and of beauty while his scat singing and "hi-de-hoing" are very essential ornaments to the original words, making them more flexible, fresher, and more significant. Unfortunately the programme is so arranged that the changes of mood are too abrupt.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, March 16th—
B.B.C. Chamber Concert, Broadcasting House, 8.30.

SATURDAY, March 17th—
Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.
Rugby Football. England *v.* Scotland, Twickenham.
Oxford *v.* Cambridge Boat Race.
The English Madrigal Choir, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, March 18th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "William Morris—Poet, Prophet, Craftsman," Conway Hall, 11.
Croydon Film Society. Programme includes "The Battleship 'Potemkin,'" Davis Theatre, Croydon, 2.30.
Cortot, Chopin Recital, Palladium, 3.15.

MONDAY, March 19th—
Clarke Hall Lectures. The Archbishop of York on "The Ethics of Penal Action," Gray's Inn Hall, 5.30.
Mme. Tatiana Tchernavin on "The Fate of the Intellectual Worker in Soviet Russia," Bumpus' Court House, Oxford Street, 5.30.

TUESDAY, March 20th—
Julian E. Franklyn on "The Child—the Protagonist of Peace," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
"Good Morning, Bill," Daly's Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, March 21st—
Dr. G. P. Gooch on "The New Germany," Bumpus' Court House, Oxford Street, 5.30.
Conference on "The Danger of War in the Far East." Speeches by Lord Marley and Andrew Rothstein, Caxton Hall, 8.
Dr. H. H. Mann on "The Economic Development of the Caucasus," London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 8.15.
"Double Door," Globe Theatre.

THURSDAY, March 22nd—
Oliver Baldwin on "The Cinema," City Literary Institute, Goldsmith Street, Drury Lane, 7.30.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

LIKE a great many other people, I read French about as fast as I do English and only rarely find myself pulled up by a serious difficulty, but this delightful fluency has been arrived at by learning to glide over a great number of those tiresome little obstacles—the words of which I don't know the precise meaning. A great deal of my knowledge of the language has been acquired by meeting such words over and over again until they have finally revealed themselves. A boy of ten reads English in just the same way, skipping the unintelligible words and slowly enlarging his vocabulary. But, of course, a large proportion of the French words I don't know convey something to me. I am familiar with the contexts in which they occur and until I am challenged to translate them, believe that I have a shrewd idea of what they mean. Thus coming across them is rather like recognising the faces of people one doesn't know in the street: one can say that at all events they are not strangers. Much worse are the words and phrases which, owing to their strategic positions, pull one up short and cannot be neglected. Unless they are given a value the sentence means nothing, but the dictionary is not usually to be found and only too often does not mention the word one wants. For a person of such slovenly mental habits, it is therefore a change to use a big dictionary and most astonishing to find it good. It is interesting to learn, even for a short time, what some of these familiar little obstacles do mean, though it will be impossible to pin them all down forever to their English labels. There is a pleasure, too, in turning up word after word, for it generates both self-satisfaction and humility, two emotions which are very commonly met with in conjunction, and there is a pleasure in the very slowness with which one is forced to read.

* * *

Harrap's Standard French and English Dictionary, edited by J. E. Mansion, of which Volume I (French–English) has just been published at two guineas, enables one to enjoy these pleasures, which spring from the love of truth, almost for the first time. For without any disloyalty to one's dogs-eared enemies, the bare fact is that there has not been a really large French-English dictionary in modern times, and not one of them can make any pretence of being up to date. The publishers have decided to put their dictionary into two big volumes, French-English and English-French, rather than a number of smaller ones. Each is a large quarto of some nine hundred pages. This makes it an unwieldy book and awkward for packing, but having it in one volume does make an enormous difference to the rapidity with which words can be looked up. The book is also extremely legible and well-printed which adds to its unwieldiness. But on both these points Messrs. Harrap are certainly right; one must remember that an increase in the number of volumes would nearly double the cost of binding and a higher price would have to be charged. At two guineas it is remarkably good value. It does not pretend to absolute completeness, does not give etymologies or quotations from authors to illustrate usage, but it does give all the possible uses of each word and examples of the idioms and common phrases in which it occurs, which for the most part are excellently translated. Thus for *manger les pissenlits par la racine*, and for the variant of the same theme, *manger les choux par les trognons*, Mr. Mansion gives "pushing up the daisies," a very close English equivalent. Occasionally I felt that an opportunity had been missed. *Tout cet argent a passé au bleu* is translated as "all this money has vanished into thin air," without a reference to the slang phrase "has been blewed." To blue in this sense is first recorded in the Oxford Dictionary in 1859 and is there connected with to blow, and even if this derivation were wrong, it certainly seems easier to connect the word with blue ruin than with the blue of Heaven.

A first random hunt through Harrap's French Dictionary yielded a vast amount of information and very little to criticise though I felt that some less objectionable term might have been found for *vélomoteur*, the auxiliary motor French workmen attach to their bicycles, than "motorised bicycle." However, wishing to become more methodical, I employed a seasonable test by looking up all the French vegetables which I was sowing in the garden. For *scarole* I was referred to *escarole* which was given as endive. But a French gardener always speaks of *les scaroles et les endives*, just as he does of *les laitues et les romaines*. *Scarole* is the Batavian or broad-leaved, and *endive* the moss-curled endive.

* * *

One horticultural omission is the *courgette*, a vegetable like a green aubergine which I have frequently eaten but failed to grow, since the seeds I bought produced vegetable marrows of the most ordinary description. Yet the *courgette* is not a young marrow, and Mr. Mansion merely adds to my confusion by giving *courge aubergine* as vegetable marrow. One of the greatest merits of this dictionary is that it translates the French into living and colloquial English and does avoid the old battalions of "dictionary words." Occasionally the attempt to find a living equivalent leads Mr. Mansion to give the nearest thing and the result is inaccurate. Thus *prunelle* is not sloe-gin but a spirit made by distilling fermented plums, a very different thing from soaking the fruit in gin or brandy.

* * *

To make a more useful and thorough test I took up *Bouvard et Pécuchet* and began to read it, looking up every doubtful or unknown word. It will be objected that it was a bad choice and that I should have used a modern book full of technical terms and slang. My excuse is that I was anxious to refresh my memory of Flaubert's masterpiece. Every page or two yielded a word of which I was not sure. I had once before been puzzled by Bouvard's *souliers de castor* for it is inconceivable that a poor clerk ever wore beaver slippers out of doors in Paris. I had guessed felt—imitation beaver. Mr. Mansion offers an alternative: *un castor* is a stay-at-home officer or sailor, but this is a meaning I hesitate to adopt. While I read two hundred pages without guessing a single doubtful word, Harrap's Dictionary only failed me twice, first over the medical term *depuis les tisanes jusqu'au moxas*, and secondly over the phrase *battait la rémolade*. In Littré's Dictionary *moxa* is defined as a small cylinder of cotton-wool which is placed on the patient's skin and there set alight, a form of surgical torture which has found its way from China into the French pharmacopoeia. *Rémolade*, which I only afterwards discovered is given under the variant spelling *rémoulade*, is a piquant sauce containing chervil, tarragon, paprika and mustard beaten up with the yolks of eggs. Flaubert uses it meaning spicy talk.

* * *

I had learned again, meanwhile, that *Bouvard et Pécuchet* is a dictionary and an encyclopaedia in itself: the dear fellows dabble in absolutely everything and take up in turn every branch of art, science and philosophy and almost every hobby and occupation. The plan of the book is indeed that of a more ambitious, stay-at-home Swiss Family Robinson. Everything they take up baffles them, disgusts them and is abandoned, but not before it has led them on to the next subject. As I read of their passion for every science, for agriculture, horticulture, art, medicine, literature, and the drama, and of their mesmerising a cow, I had continually to check my laughter to turn up a new word, and I realised that I was reading the spiritual biography not only of myself but of very many of my friends. I am not Bouvard, I am not Pécuchet and I do not recognise them among my acquaintances, yet what they do, and what they feel gives the most complete picture of the meaningless spiritual and mental pilgrimages that all of us have undertaken. And only those who know themselves well enough to recognise how true are the broad outlines of the portrait, will laugh and laugh and appreciate every detail of Flaubert's humour.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW DISCOVERIES
by the new science of dietetics

The foods we eat—and drink—have come in for a great deal of attention from scientific research workers in recent years. One of the results has been the education of the public in a knowledge of the nature and importance of "vitamins." *Another has been the discovery that the "enzymes"—or digestive juices—of the vegetable world can be utilised by the body to our health's advantage.*

CIVILISATION HAS IMPAIRED THE DIGESTION

Of all our functions, *digestion* has probably suffered most, in the march of civilisation, from the increasingly unnatural conditions under which we live. The enzymes present in the body, even when they are not in any sense deficient, are often quite unable to deal efficiently with their gigantic task—which is the digestion of food to make living tissue and fuel to keep the fires of life burning brightly. Thus the discovery in certain food-stuffs of similar enzymes which can aid the human digestion when these foods are properly utilised, has opened up wonderful prospects of relief from these modern ailments which are mainly the result of imperfect digestion and assimilation . . . . . e.g., sleeplessness, chronic tiredness, and that devouring kind of restlessness we call "living on our nerves."

THE VALUE OF DIASTASE

Consider one of these important enzymes—"*diastase*"—an enzyme found in malt, whose function is the conversion of starch into sugar. The importance of diastase will be fully understood if it is realised (1) that two-thirds of the food we eat is taken in the form of starchy foods (carbohydrates); (2) that starch is of no use as nourishment until it is converted in our digestive system into sugar; and (3) that we depend largely upon the nourishment of the carbohydrates for our supplies of energy.

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NEW NOVELS

Bumphrey's. By R. H. MOTTRAM. *Murray.* 7s. 6d.

Bassett. By STELLA GIBBONS. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

Crack of Doom. By HUGH EDWARDS. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

A Law Unto Themselves. By LOVEDAY PRIOR. *Davies.* 7s. 6d.

Miss Ogilvy Finds Herself. By RADCLYFFE HALL. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

We have heard so much in modern fiction of the differences between mother and daughter, father and son, of the strife of the talented but misunderstood individual—usually the novelist himself—against the home where he is required to eat porridge at breakfast and listen to his father exploring the netherworld of atmospheric crashes and bangs in an obstinate but unsuccessful search for foreign stations, while his mother, over her knitting, interposes an occasional well-intentioned but exasperating remark, that we are inclined to forget that not all parents, even in the nineteenth century, have been as oppressive as those of Ernest Pontifex and his innumerable literary brood. Such a thing as a devoted family is sometimes met with; nor would it be proper to suggest that affectionate and solicitous parents are invariably vampires who suck their children's vitality, ruin their marriages and warp their emotional life. No, parents are often saintly and long-suffering; and only the fact that—as the human embryo, by slow and ignominious stages, must progress from germ to gilled monstrosity and from fishy abomination to crouching mammal—every adolescent must run his fated course of failures, disappointments and emotional chagrins makes parenthood not uncommonly an awkward business. Life can be handed down, but never experience. Perhaps the wisest animals are the species that abandon their young. . . .

Are modern parents to emulate the turtle and cuckoo? Leaving her new-laid eggs in a nest of warm sand, the horny-lidded, hard-shelled philosopher shuffles away to submarine peregrinations; while the bird, like a cheerful divorcée, consigns the care of her offspring to nurses whose sense of duty is more powerful than their love of life. Not for her a dreary cycle of vicarious suffering; yet worse than the inability to understand is the impossibility of translating intuitive understanding into concrete and practical assistance. This dilemma is presented by Mr. Mottram; though he remembers his own youth, Frank Medway can do nothing to ease its problems as he observes them embodied in the life of his children. As the story opens, his youthful memories come to a head; the girl, now a middle-aged but still provocative woman, who gave him his first taste of the pleasures and pains of physical love, accompanied by the schoolboy, now a shifty-eyed but sanguine and optimistic middle-aged man, whose unruffled cynicism had once delighted, puzzled and upset him, reappears at the seaside resort where he is staying with his wife and family. *Bumphrey's*, as it happens, is the name of their boarding-house; but the most interesting part of Mr. Mottram's novel has very little to do with the background against which it is placed. Frank Medway and his recollections are the key of the narrative. Mr. Mottram writes so sympathetically of the close and genuine, yet always slightly embarrassed, relationship that exists between Medway and his elder son, Rodney, who shows signs of falling in love with the voluptuous and irresponsible Isabel, and of his personal attitude—disapproving yet faintly tinged with nostalgia—towards Isabel and her male counterpart, Wilfred, that one could wish that he had treated his theme in a smaller compass. A great deal of the dialogue is redundant and dull; the style of connecting episodes is loose and chatty; Mr. Mottram seldom displays, when he is setting a scene, any of the subtlety that is often discernible in his grasp of character.

The effect produced by the book is neat and accomplished. It may be that a less accomplished novelist—one who struggled more laboriously to extract from every sentence and every adjective its quintessential tone and value—would have written, here and there, in a less colourless and slapdash vein. Facility dogs the footsteps of Miss Gibbons; confident—as after her last book she has some excuse for being—that her pen is an extremely serviceable and sharp-pointed weapon, she makes use of it with a briskness and directness that may strike those very few readers who envisage language as something to be used or abused with a meticulous regard for its immense and magical potentialities as now and then a little too obviously aimed at a laugh. Amusing, however, she certainly is. Miss Hilda Baker, who "was neither a wise nor a sophisticated woman, although she had earned her living for twenty-one years in the office of a small firm that sold paper patterns in the West End of London," makes a very entertaining and lively protagonist; while Miss Padsoe, the dilapidated gentlewoman whom Miss Baker rescues from imminent bankruptcy and a pair of villainous domestic sluts, has all the musty yet dignified airs and graces of one of those small private hotels round about Knightsbridge and South Kensington where faded but affable ladies, each subsisting on a tiny unearned income, lie up like ancient pleasure-craft, awaiting the ship-breaker.

A little of Miss Gibbon's brisk and merciless humour and of her heroine's pert and matter-of-fact modernism might have been transfused with great advantage into the pages of Mr. Hugh Edwards's historical romance, a story written from beginning to end in such a consistently exalted tone, with such a lavish and inapposite expense of local colour, that many chapters can best be appreciated as downright parody. Never has the past seemed more fantastic; and yet the past—admittedly a trite observation, but one that can scarcely be avoided when dealing with Mr. Edwards's *Crack of Doom*—was originally, after all, merely the present; that is to say, it was often dull, and men and women went about seeing their background—even when that background was a feudal West-Indian plantation, in a period when Morgan the Buccaneer had not long been dead—through eyes dimmed by custom and propinquity; whereas Mr. Edwards's characters are as conscious of their romantic privilege as if their swords, velvets and laces came to them straight from a Wardour Street emporium. Katie, for example, is the planter's daughter and, since the planter had sailed with Morgan, a chip of the old piratical block:

> . . . Katie had just been chilled by a qualm of terror. Only a few minutes ago she had been telling herself that something—something—she dared not be explicit even in thought—might possibly, la, come of that naughty affair between Maurice and herself. A flutter—a tremor—a whisper to tell—had perhaps, perhaps, gone through her body? Well, damme, as papa would say, where was life without the beautiful perils?

Katie lived at the prosaic end of the seventeenth century; but in a universe heavily fragrant with theatrical grease-paint. The *las* and *dammes* of Mr. Edwards's preferred style—he writes very well when he is writing simply—are apt to remind one of those conscientiously applied beauty-spots that adorn the cheeks of a "French marquise" at a fancy dress dance.

A Law Unto Themselves is more successful. Attracted by the ruined castles of Tyrolese robber-barons, Miss Prior has applied herself to conjuring up the life, beauty and passion they once enclosed, introducing Ludwig, Count of Feilmar, his son, Adalbert, a sadist and debauchee, his second wife, Adela, and his daughter, Luise, whom he had married to the neighbouring Lord of Maienburg. Again, the atmosphere of the narrative is highly romantic; but Miss Prior's romanticism has a curiously masculine and forthright quality when compared with that of Mr. Edwards. She tells her tale plainly, simply and movingly, as if it concerned people she herself had actually known; and the result is an exciting and straightforward adventure story, which can be recommended to all critics who do not ask of fiction that it should possess the undertones and overtones of feeling that lend charm and intricacy to real life.

Miss Ogilvy Finds Herself has a special interest. Every newspaper moralist who joined in the ridiculous hue and cry after *The Well of Loneliness* should be obliged to digest the whole of Miss Radclyffe Hall's new production, and thereupon do public penance with a copy of the volume and a printed recantation securely padlocked around his neck. A sentimental novelist who, in perfect good faith, once stumbled on an important but excessively controversial theme, Miss Radclyffe Hall has now justified her artistic integrity by publishing a tale, among four companions, which, far from deserving to be likened to a phial of—was it arsenic, spirits of salt or fabulous cantharides?—can only be compared to a very mild and entirely harmless sleeping-draught. The story is wonderfully and touchingly foolish. Poor Miss Ogilvy, who had enjoyed herself during the war as the she-major of a corps of women ambulance-drivers, experienced bitter frustration in times of peace, gnawed at as she was by inclinations that neither Miss Ogilvy nor her creator care to acknowledge, except in the briefest and chastest reference. So she deserted her Surrey home and travelled westwards. There, off the coast of Devonshire, she reached an island, and on the island she dreamed a dream. No longer a demobilised she-major, gauche, unhappy, inharmonious, she had become—if not the caveman of legend—a proud, ugly

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warrior of the Bronze Age, flanked by his "little companion," sleek and sturdy and brown-skinned, against whom Miss Ogilvy—or her previous avatar—could rub his "large shaggy head." This vision proved too much for Miss Ogilvy, who expired in the plenitude of imaginary happiness. They picked her up next morning on the beach—dead, "her hands thrust deep into her pockets."

PETER QUENNELL

THE SCHOOL AND THE BOY

Progressive Schools; Their Principles and Practice. By L. B. PEKIN. *Hogarth Press.* 6s.

When Mr. Pekin's previous book, *Public Schools, Their Failure and Reform*, came my way to review, I ventured to express my agreement with most of the criticisms it contained. The result was a deluge of correspondence, most of it very interesting. There were the inevitable letters in which excitable schoolmasters and Old Boys blew off their indignation, but I was chiefly impressed by the number of invitations I received from schoolmasters to visit their schools and to see for myself how mistaken I was. I greatly regret that I have not yet been able to go to one well-known school the headmaster of which asked me to stay, and after the fullest inquiry to report upon my experience. Four of these invitations, however, I did accept, and in each case my host was most friendly, answering all my questions and allowing me to talk to boys. But at the end I was surprised to see how little Public School life had altered since pre-war days. Indeed the only startling change that I could discover was in the greater open-mindedness of the masters I met, which is valuably reflected in their relations with the boys. Also beatings, I gathered, are much less frequent. I saw no sign that the boring tyranny of continual compulsory games was less, that the housing accommodation was better, or that the majority of the masters perceived the need of any important change. In one school I found that acting Shakespeare was taken very seriously. In one house I saw a really civilised sitting-room open to the smaller boys. But I found still flourishing the same unsuitable clothes, the same maddening "fag-calling," the same strict house separatism, the same prison-like atmosphere. Of course even those headmasters who might welcome some reforms have to meet formidable obstacles, shortage of money, the childish conservatism of Old Boys and senior colleagues. What I saw convinced me that one of the most important and obvious reforms is to be made in the physical conditions. In two schools I saw, the overcrowding and discomfort of the living rooms for the smaller boys approached slum conditions. If you house boys like pigs they will behave like pigs. The economic difficulty of providing a bed-sitting-room (a room, however small, not a cubicle) for each boy is not as great, I think, as is generally supposed. But I know of only two schools in England which provide this, Eton and Dartington. And incidentally these are the only two boarding-schools I know of to which I would willingly send a boy.

These remarks are not so irrelevant to Mr. Pekin's book as might be supposed, for his account of progressive schools is largely concerned with a comparison of their methods and principles with those of Public Schools. It is amusing to notice how many otherwise enlightened persons will say "I could never risk sending my child to a 'crank' school." They would never conceive of calling Aldous Huxley a "crank" writer, or Matisse a "crank" painter, or Einstein a "crank" scientist, but anyone who does not run his school on Victorian lines is automatically a "crank." As for the risk, one may agree that the methods of progressive schools are still often experimental, but at least a school like Dartington is an experiment that seems to promise success, while the ordinary Public School, I maintain, is an experiment that has definitely failed.

The two most important respects in which the "progressive" differs from the Public School are co-education and punishment. *A priori*, co-education seems natural and reasonable; we live in a two-sexed society, for which the one-sexed artificial society of a boys' or girls' school cannot offer a suitable preparation. No one, I imagine, would deny that it is advantageous for boys to grow up in families where they have sisters. And with the diminution in the size of the family this advantage is becoming rarer, and the value of the co-educational school correspondingly greater. The oddly widespread prejudice against co-education comes, think (in so far as it is not mere conservatism), from the notion that it produces girlish boys and boyish girls. But the evidence for this is very weak. In Mr. Pekin's experience (and in my own) the most pronounced sexual intertypes come from very orthodox schools. The lack of feminine society in Public Schools is intensely brutalising, and the attitude which they naturally produce towards women is the worst imaginable—a mixture of ignorance, superiority, dirty-mindedness, and, most dangerous of all, vague idealism. Mr. Pekin goes so far as to say that "a public schoolboy can hardly help being warped in his attitude to women." I think this is an exaggeration: luckily many boys have sensible parents and happy homes.

Some schools which profess to practise co-education are unduly timid; "co-education," Mr. Pekin says, "means boys and girls sharing the whole of school life together or it means nothing." One fact must, however, be faced. Human beings attain puberty some years before English society approves their starting their sexual lives. It is arguable that modern English society is wrong. (In the eighteenth century a boy of sixteen who retained his virginity seems to have been thought most peculiar.) A progressive schoolmaster might wish to issue contraceptives to his pupils. But if he did so the Government would intervene. And if he does not there is always a slight possibility of a couple of pupils becoming parents. I believe that co-education schools are incomparably less sex-ridden than most other schools, but I also believe that their advocates usually underestimate the strength of the sexual impulse in adolescent boys.

Apart from co-education, the chief merit of progressive schools is their complete rejection of fear as an instrument of education. The Public School depends upon fear to a preposterous extent; the work, the games, orderly behaviour, religious observance, the whole life of the school is kept going only by a "wholesome" fear of punishment. The result is that the average Public Schoolboy develops not a disciplined character but a superb ingenuity in not being found out. (In this respect, at least, Public Schools can claim to give a valuable preparation for life in this wicked world.) As a rule, Mr. Pekin assures us, the progressive school, where there is no punishment, is remarkably orderly. The pupils impose discipline upon themselves, often by some system of regular debate. The adults interfere dictatorially only in matters affecting health. The visitor to a progressive school is therefore apt to come away with hair-raising stories of tiny tots asking him for cigarettes, and showering him, if refused, with obscene and blasphemous abuse.

It is probable that liberty is pushed too far in some of these schools. When their advocates talk of Freud, I suspect the cloven hoof of Rousseau, the romantic notion that children left to themselves are naturally unselfish and virtuous. In fact, the policy of adult non-interference can easily lead to bullying. Moreover, it is impossible to learn too soon that rudeness is impolitic as well as vulgar. And finally the continual freedom of choice given to the children puts upon them too heavy a responsibility: a child does not possess the strength of purpose to impose on himself the regularity of life which he really prefers. The old system is based on the crudest sort of conditioning; and it fails because the human young do not form the desired habits with the convenient automatism of Pavlov's dogs. I doubt if a child has ever been cured by punishment of either cribbing or impurity. But the new system trusts too often to a mystical belief in moral *laissez faire*.

Mr. Pekin divides the progressive schools into the "leave the child alone" type and the "Higher Thought" type. The criticisms in the above paragraph do not apply to the latter, but they are open to even graver objections. A hothouse atmosphere of continual uplift is no preparation for actual life. (At any rate a Public School teaches you that if you do not look after your own interests no one else will.) Mr. Pekin, who is most balanced in his criticisms of both types of progressive school, says, "The danger of mass idealism in any large school community is a very real one." Priggishness is only too natural to the young, and (like games-worship) requires no adult encouragement.

Mr. Pekin's last chapter is an attractive description of St. Christopher's School, Letchworth. His book would have been still more valuable if he had included similar accounts of other schools, such as Dartington and Beacon Hill. It is difficult not to be rather sceptical about all systems of education, when one sees how successfully individuals react against their environment. And the psychologists appear to agree with the Jesuits that the decisive years precede school age. But I very strongly recommend Mr. Pekin's book to all parents who do not think that we live in the best of all possible worlds. It is eminently stimulating, sensible and informative.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

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MYTH VERSUS HISTORY

The New Examen. By JOHN PAGET. With a critical introduction by the RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, *Haworth Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

When Napoleon—I presume it was Napoleon—said that history was a myth we had agreed to accept, he hit upon a truth which if more generally recognised would put an end once and for all to attempts at writing accurate history, or what M. Seignobos would call *sincere* history. For it will not be accepted. What we want—by we I mean posterity taken as a whole—is not precisely what befell and why, but a picture of the past agreeable to our preferences and prejudices. And the history which most accords with what men want to believe will be the accepted myth will be History with a capital H. Thus Gabriel or the Earl of Moray might come down from heaven and tell for all to hear the truth about Mary Stuart's relations with the Earl of Bothwell. None would listen, not even serious historians, because the myth of Mary Stuart pleases English vanity or Scottish sentiment, and the Casket Letters are part of that myth. In the writing of history the devil's advocate is anyone who attacks an accepted myth, and he gets as little credence.

To illustrate this truth, to discourage sincere historians from wasting their efforts in vain, the re-publication of John Paget's essays after some seventy years' oblivion is valuable, if for no other reason. They are not required, at this date, to remind us that Macaulay's great History is a Whig history, that Macaulay himself was one of those historians described by M. Seignobos in the preface to his *History of the French People*, who bring their passions—political, religious, or national—into their treatment of the past, and use it as a defence or an accusation. Nor will they avail to alter public opinion of those myths to which Macaulay has given the seal of his approbation. William III is established as a good king, James II of England as a bad; Marlborough as a traitor, Claverhouse as a brute and savage; the Master of Stair remains for ever branded as the perpetrator of the Massacre of Glencoe. No, the value of Paget's *New Examen* is a moral value, reminding us that what we call history is really mythical, and that disinterested research is of little use, because it pleases nobody and grinds no axe.

When Macaulay wrote his *History of England*, the Whig point of view was predominant in this island. The revolution which freed England for ever from the tyranny of the Stuarts was little more than a century old. Men still lived, as *Peter Plymley's Letters* show, who shuddered at the word *Popery* and believed Catholics capable of every enormity. Macaulay's special gift as an historian was that he was a greater man expressing just the sentiments, accepting just the prejudices, popular with his lesser contemporaries. Accordingly his History had, as history, the success which it deserved as a piece of brilliant special pleading. And to-day, while we scoff at it, we still accept many of the myths spoon-fed to us by Macaulay.

But even in the eighteen-fifties all Macaulay's readers were not Whigs, and some were sincere historians. During 1859 a series of articles appeared in Blackwood's Magazine which attacked various points in the great History, not from a political or religious standpoint but on the grounds of historic truth. John Paget was a lawyer and an historian, a man who combined the enthusiasm of the latter with the precision of the former. By a careful re-examination of the sources used by Macaulay, the contemporary evidence at his disposal, he challenged Macaulay's accuracy and fairness. He showed that Macaulay was guilty of definite and deliberate distortion in his presentation of Marlborough, Claverhouse, William III, and William Penn. The essays were as damning as could be, because not only did they prove that Macaulay was wrong, but that he must have known he was wrong; in other words, that he was an unreliable historian.

Macaulay died before all the essays appeared, and before he had answered any of them. The Whig interpretation of history remained in favour, as indeed, thanks largely to Macaulay's authority, it still remains. Paget's essays disappeared and were forgotten. They were too impartial to establish themselves as history in the popular imagination, even when a reaction set in. Paget did not try to clear Marlborough of every charge of treachery, Claverhouse of every charge of harshness. His James II was not always right, nor his William always wrong. Stair retained his due share in the responsibility for Glencoe. And history, to be accepted, must be black and white. Paget deliberately rejected Macaulay's dazzling weapon of political and religious prejudice. He had no axe to grind, only a desire to state what contemporary evidence seemed to prove. And so, even now, his essays are, above all, valuable as a critique on the making of history.

The best histories and the most popular, Tacitus's *Annals*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, Macaulay's *History of England*, are not real history at all, but myths. Mr. Winston Churchill, in his preface to this volume, suggests that Paget's book should travel "in company" with Macaulay's. It might even, with the story of its fate, precede the study of any history, as a kind of Cautionary Tale to remind us how a myth, born as often as not long after the period it pretends to deal with, and growing steadily in popularity and precision, is confirmed at last by the approval of a great writer, when all the arguments and all the evidence laboriously brought together can no longer dislodge it from its place in general esteem.

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THE CRADLE OF THE NATIONS

From Moscow to Samarkand. By Y. Z. *Hogarth Press.* 6*s.*

Here is rare and refreshing fruit among the solid fare that we are accustomed to in books on Soviet Russia. The author, we are told, is a Russian who wishes to hide his identity under a pseudonym. Whatever may be his reason for this, the book itself does not seem to contain anything that need excite the G.P.U. There is no criticism of the dictatorship of the proletariat, or disparagement of the Five Year Plan, or disclosure of State secrets. It is, in fact, the record of a holiday voyage, a mixture of grave and gay, full of vivid descriptions of men and things and places, with shrewd and humorous comment on them all, and two or three good short stories thrown in. Y. Z.'s journey took him to that remote and little-known part of Central Asia where the Soviet Union borders on China and India and Afghanistan—called by learned persons "the Cradle of the Nations," and by cynics "the Rubbish Heap." It is a region of enchanting names and stirring associations—Ferghana and Shah-i-Mardan, the pastures of Kirghiz, Golden Samarkand and Bokhara the Noble.

Here, in Uzbekistan, an easy going and sensual people, cultivators of cotton and wheat and fruit, pursue what to strenuous Russians looks like the Lotos-eater's way of life. But changes are coming here as elsewhere; you may see "Uzbek Communist workers, Uzbek mill-girls, teachers and tram conductors, and fifteen thousand Uzbek students receiving higher education." The wind from the west and the north may perhaps blow away some of the picturesque, but it will also blow away a lot of cobwebs and rubbish. The traditional schools dominated by the mullahs have gone:

> Once upon a time a father would bring his son to school so that he might memorise the Koran in Arabic, and would say to the teacher: "Here is my son; beat him as much as you like, but don't cripple him. The flesh is yours, the bones are ours!" Nowadays, the best buildings in the place are given over to schools, and the lessons are all given in the Uzbek tongue, recently latinised.

In contrast to the "domesticated gardeners" of Uzbekistan stand the nomads of Kirghizia, breeders of horses, dwellers in felt tents, whose principal food is sour milk, nominally Moslems but practically pagans. Their customs are primitive—in some points amusing, in others nasty. They are riddled with diseases, including syphilis, and for all but the well-to-do minority, the cattle owners, life is a grim business. One trait these Kirghiz share, it seems, with the Uzbeks—they are good trenchermen. Travellers who have been present at Kirghiz feasts say that a man can eat as much as fifteen pounds of mutton fat at a sitting! Yet the comparison is perhaps not quite fair to the Uzbeks, who are, so far as their resources permit, gourmets as well as gourmands. Their favourite dish, the *pilav*, is described—as it was eaten—by Y. Z. with great gusto. Its ingredients are rice and mutton (or chicken or pheasant in the more expensive cuisine of Bokhara) with onion and sliced carrot and red pepper pods, and it is consumed with various palate-scorching condiments, whose effect is counteracted by slices of melon, quinces or sour milk.

The book ends, as it begins, with gossip and argument in the Moscow train—and an argument in particular as to why one should take a long and troublesome journey "for the sake of jotting down dull observations and fruitless stories." Is this Russian "self-criticism"? Or is it just fishing for a complimentary contradiction? If so, he must have it: only the most pernickety could find fault with Y. Z.'s observations and stories. C. M. L.

A MAN WHO MADE THE WHEELS GO ROUND

Richard Trevithick, the Engineer and the Man. By H. W. DICKINSON and ARTHUR TITLEY. *Cambridge University Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In the matter of inventors history imitates the literary critic picking "the book of the month." A few are chosen for fame, and their names become household words. Others, only a little less worthy, are passed over, and remain in oblivion. Watt and Stephenson are firmly entrenched in the nursery. Newcomen and Trevithick hardly get a place in the class-room. The gulf between them is all out of proportion to their merits, and this centenary volume should do much to bridge it. Even those who thought they knew what engineering owed to Trevithick will be surprised at the astonishing quality of his work and the versatility of his genius, as well as fascinated by the romance of his life.

The story is clearly and simply told, with full technical descriptions and plentiful extracts from correspondence. The spotlight is directed throughout full on the hero, and it leaves shadows so dark that those who have not read the companion volume on James Watt might get the impression that he has been grossly overrated and has usurped the place properly due to his younger contemporary. This would be unfair. Watt's engine was good enough to make industry fall in love with steam, and Trevithick's high-pressure engine enabled the course of that love to run smoothly. The authors are so anxious to correct the impression that Trevithick was merely a humble and ineffective predecessor of the Stephensons in the field of locomotion that hey actually apologise for devoting so much space to the story of his locomotives. The reader will forgive them. The story of the engine which assaulted Beacon Hill in 1801, and stuck, and was subsequently destroyed by fire while its creators "comforted their hearts with a roast goose and proper drinks" in a neighbouring hotel, is worth telling. We should not have grudged even a few more pages devoted to an estimate of the debt which

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TIMES (Literary Supplement)

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our railways owe to Trevithick. Yet it is quite right to emphasise the greater fruitfulness of his other inventions.

The account of his early difficulties shows how much progress had been made in the few years since Watt completed his steam engine. There are the same intrigues, the same financial complications, leading to undeserved bankruptcy, but we hear much less of experiments spoiled by the incompetence of mechanics. His worst misfortune was the bursting of a boiler with the loss of four lives, a serious thing if one is trying to persuade a timid public to use steam at high pressure, but the cause was not mechanical. " It appears," he wrote, " the boy that had the care of the engine was gon to catch eales in the foundeation of the building." So he equipped his next boiler with two safety-valves.

At the age of forty-five he went to Peru, following the parts of nine engines and other machinery which had been ordered for the silver mines. He was away eleven years. To the difficulties of carrying the material on mules up precipitous mountain tracks was added the disturbance of revolution, and the enterprise was a failure. At one time, having invented a carbine for Bolivar, he found himself compulsorily enrolled in the revolutionary army in order to prove the efficiency of his invention. " He was never a good shot," remarks his son, " nor particularly fond of shooting." So he was allowed to return to his mining. He is then found making a careful survey of the mines of Costa Rica, and the adventure ends with his pioneer journey across the Isthmus to San Juan, with a Mr. Gerard, two Spanish boys and three working men. They followed the river and at one point took to a raft which capsized, leaving the party divided on the two banks. Trevithick, who could not swim, tried to cross by putting bundles of sticks under his arms, and struggled to within a few yards of the shore. Gerard held out " the stem of a water-plant," of which Trevithick managed to grasp the extreme end, which was leaf. " On the strength of the leaf his life was dependent," and it held. His later years were largely occupied with fruitless efforts to interest the Admiralty in the possibilities of steam navigation.

The publication of the book has been made possible by contributions to a special Centenary Commemoration Fund, and especially to a particularly generous donation by Messrs. Babcock and Wilcox.

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Mr. Evelyn Waugh's last travel book, the one on Abyssinia, I think, ended with his return to a London night club; and there he moralised like a conscience-stricken empire-builder. I feared for Mr. Waugh's decline and fall into the manner of Noel Coward. In this present book, after ninety-two days in darkest British Guiana, Mr. Waugh returns to Bath and hardly moralises at all, from which I conclude that, like the rest of us, he finds a little gentility rather soothing. In any case, *Ninety-Two Days* is a much better travel book than he has so far written. He has matured, he is less sentimentally savage, and depends less on that querulous little stock of sophistication and smartness which has taken the place of the pocket Bible in the modern amateur traveller's luggage. Gusto is, of course, still inhibited. He still dislikes most things, but during his journey in British Guiana, even this habit shows signs of coming full circle and of turning into his way of liking them. He confesses that it is chiefly in those borderline countries where cultures and states of development are in conflict that he finds experience vivid; by which he means, of course, that he seeks abroad those things he has left behind at home.

Mr. Waugh's route lay from Georgetown into the interior, southward until he reached Boa Vista in Brazil. Thence he hoped to get a boat down the River Branco to Manaos on the Amazon, but there was no boat, and he had to give up the plan and return by another route to Georgetown. He had come on horseback; a considerable part of his return was made on foot. The country was either ill-mapped (or not mapped), bush and savannah, and was sparsely inhabited by Indians and Negroes. Except for an occasional diamond prospector and rancher, the white man scorned anything outside Georgetown and the Kaietur Falls. Food was not plentiful and the inhabitants of Boa Vista (like many other South American towns, it concealed wretchedness under a name romantic to the ingenuous English map reader) were on the verge of starvation. This, as Mr. Waugh takes pleasure in pointing out, was entirely their own fault. Their food was the food of the country: tasso and farine. The first is meat cut in slabs, salted and dried in the sun until it is black and leathery, and even the ants will not touch it. Farine is " a granulated tapioca-coloured substance of intense hardness and a faint taste of brown paper." The people of Boa Vista boycotted a concern with which the Benedictines were curiously involved, for canning meat.

It is easy to sympathise with Mr. Waugh's dry contempt. But the genteel English *Roman* Catholic abroad, appearing from a country which has little experience of the priest in industry, is always apt to imagine that anti-clericalism is perverse only. Mr. Waugh is obviously " anti " a number of things in the modern world whose advantages he enjoys. Anti-clericalism is no more essentially perverse in South America than are the continuous revolutions essentially comic opera.

Thus we come, as Mr. Waugh correctly observes we always do in travel, to the one topic of the man of the wide open spaces: religion. There was the garrulous Mr. Bain, bloodless, fleshless, afflicted with asthma, who when he came upon a Jordanite negro beating the Bible and declaring that his audience were all fornicators, remarked sagely: " The black man got a very inferior complex." But Mr. Bain had not really advanced into psycho-analysis; the obsession was there: " Then He divided the land from the waters. How did He do that, Mr. Yerwood? Why, by killing de crabs, and all de shells of de crabs became ground down by the tides and became sand . . . then there was Napoleon. He was only a little corporal, but he divorced his wife and married the daughter of an Emperor." Here was borderline culture, but the reader will note that Mr. Bain was only ridiculous when he talked. The ancient Mr. Christie was even more remarkable. He was inclined to have visions of the choir of the blessed, and once declined a medallion of the Virgin Mary with the remark that he had no need of a picture of one whom he saw so frequently; moreover, it was a poor likeness. Mr. Evelyn Waugh's people are always excellent; he exposes them—I do not mean " shows them up "—with a most exact and economical malice. He drily exploits solemnity at the wrong moment, and his understatement is superb. He is a master of *sans commentaire*, which is the natural resort of an age which has taken to irony and abandoned humour along with sentiment, gusto and the rest. And another excellent character with discreetly veiled religious preoccupations in the wide open spaces is Mr. Waugh himself, firmly defending

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AFTER AQUINAS

The Seventeenth Century Background. By BASIL WILLEY. *Chatto and Windus.* 12s. 6d.

This account of seventeenth-century thought is intended as a background to the literature, but I do not think "mere" lovers of literature will care much about it. Just as books about books can be entrancing, but only to the bookish, so this book about ideas requires some taste, however frivolous, for ideas as such: you must be inclined to dabble in them for their own sake, quite apart from their connection, if any, with literary criticism. For instance: there is a chapter on "the Grand Secretary of Nature, the miraculous Descartes." His dualism presented obvious difficulties, for how, if he were right, could mind act upon matter, or vice versa? "How," said Glanvill, "should a thought be united to a marble statue, or a sunbeam to a lump of clay! The freezing of the words in the air in the northern climes is as conceivable as this strange union." Descartes's "animal spirits" were not satisfactory. Another solution was the charming theory called "occasionalism": there was no interaction whatever between mind and matter, but when you willed to move your arm God miraculously intervened and caused it to move, and conversely with sense-impressions—God gave you the idea of an object just at the moment when you happened to be looking at it. Henry More, the Cambridge Platonist, thought that spirit, though penetrable and indivisible, was extended in space—it had "metaphysical extension" or "essential spissitude": but that, as Glanvill pointed out, does not solve the problem, for if it penetrates bodies "without the least jog," how can it impart any motion to them? The theory of "essential spissitude" was a curious attempt to give the soul metaphysical standing by giving it body: More looked on "nullibism"—the theory that it was *nowhere*, not "in space" at all—as an approach to saying that it had no existence: an approach to Hobbes, "that confident exploder of Immaterial Substances out of the world" who held mind to be "but a mere whiffling, evanid and fantastic thing," and "the very Notion of a Spirit or Substance Immaterial . . . a perfect Incompossibility and pure Non-sense." That is what you must like—a kind of metaphysical chit-chat: and in the midst of it Milton and the Heroic Poem seem like intruders, though they are very good company when the shock is over. Mr. Willey seems to have questioned the drift of his own work sometimes: he was "consoled," however, by Mr. T. S. Eliot's remark that in trying to understand the poetry of a period "you are led to the consideration of subjects which at first sight appear to have little bearing upon poetry." Readers may think he was easily consoled: but they will also, I hope, think justification quite unnecessary.

The main theme is a change in the "climate of opinion"—the gradual elbowing aside of the "religious world-view." It began humbly: Bacon, the great advertiser of the movement, attacked the schoolmen for their "disdain to dwell upon particulars," their "proneness to abstraction," their cult, in fact, of reason without reality, and urged in its stead the merits of a passive and receptive attitude, which Mr. Willey likens to Keats's "negative capability." His aim was to "clear the universe for science": and he made, in the first place, a general reservation of religious truth, "not so that it might be more devoutly approached, but in order to keep it out of mischief." From these beginnings philosophy grew steadily more scientific, more "rational" and more cocksure, and reason encroached steadily on revelation under cover of "interpreting" it. ("Truth . . . speaks with the most Idiotical sort of men in the most Idiotical way.") Locke marks a climax: after Locke Reason reigned supreme, but without prejudice to God, who was as good as a mathematical certainty, and who, Addison thought, had caused our senses to invest matter with all its "imaginary qualities" out of pure benevolence, for the world, if it had appeared to us "endowed only with those real Qualities which it actually possesses, would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable Figure."

In the midst of conflicting theories, Mr. Willey himself retains the coolness of one who *knows* that *all* metaphysical utterances are "disguised optatives": it is chilling to be led through this delightful playground of the intellect by someone who ostentatiously won't play. He is, however, very much in favour of the "religious world-view": yet the *effect* of his attitude is to hand over truth—what there is of it—entirely to the scientists, and make it appear that the inventor of an aeroplane, far more than the inventor of a system, should be called a thinker. I am afraid he claims too much for the schoolmen in saying that they did not *want* a truth corresponding to the "state of affairs," and that they simply were not interested in "mechanical explanations": the Professor of Philosophy who refused to look through Galileo's telescope would probably have looked through it fast enough if he had not feared to see something incompatible with his own system. As for the idea that the new world-view stifled poetry, I think it rather confuses tendencies with individuals: if Bacon can be linked with Keats, and Locke with Wordsworth, all is safe enough. Wordsworth, it is suggested, wrote about his own experience because the Age of Reason had left him no mythology: he was denied the use of "fictions" and "fables": "if poetry were still to be made, it must be made by the sheer unaided power of the individual poet." There is something in that, but what about the *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*? What about Keats and Shelley, very little later? Wordsworth had some gorgeous subjects for epic in his mind: if he preferred the "egotistical sublime," was it Locke's doing ultimately?

But there is endless amusement in this book—more than I have space to give an idea of. For instance, there is Milton's inheritance of the "Satan-consciousness" which remained vivid long after God had become merely the "Absolute" or the "First Cause": or the pleasant irony of his embarking on a theme which involved precisely the view of life he could least stomach. Mr. Willey hardly ever misses an amusing point: he never flags: his reading is vast, his style always alert and easy. It is an enchanting book to come across.

K. JOHN

THE INDIAN MINOTAUR

Child Marriage: The Indian Minotaur. By ELEANOR F. RATHBONE. *Allen & Unwin.* 2s. 6d.

On the cover of this disturbing book appears a reproduction of Watt's Minotaur, that mythical beast to which the Athenians were compelled to pay a yearly tribute of youths and maidens. It typifies in the book the sacrifice of the twelve million girls under fifteen of India to the ancient and evil social custom of child marriage. It is a book with a purpose. It differs from Miss Mayo's *Mother India*, to which the reader's thoughts will inevitably turn, in two ways: first, every fact quoted is ascribed to its proper authorities, the majority of which are Indian in origin. Secondly, it looks to Indian women and to the power that may be granted to them in the new constitution "to set the crooked straight." Thus the appeal made by the book—to provoke more effective action against the gigantic evil of child marriage—is in one sense a question of urgent and practical politics; in another, it transcends present politics, in that it needs must be addressed not only to the Government of the day in India but to whatever Governments that country may possess in the future until the Minotaur finally meets its Jason.

Miss Rathbone in her introduction outlines some of the other conditions under which Indian women suffer—"ill-health and an utter insufficiency of medical, nursing, and midwifery services; illiteracy and a preposterously small share of educational opportunities . . . the sufferings and austerities of the Hindu widow's lot; the imprisonment for life behind the bolts and bars of social custom which goes by the name of purdah." Seeking to ascribe the responsibility for these, she points out that there are two kinds of responsibility—"primary responsibility for the evils we directly cause; accessory responsibility for evils we struggle too weakly against, when such struggle is within the sphere of our competence and our duty." Thus her indictment is not only of those who practise these evils but also of the Government which permits them.

The book itself is written in a terse and vivid style, all the more compelling because of the restraint the writer imposes on her own righteous indignation. And yet this task has been in part that of

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NEWS Chronicle

editor only, in that the bulk of the indictments and the most notable proposals for improvement are given not in her own words but are compiled from Government reports and from census returns. She quotes, for example, the final pronouncement of the Joshi Committee on Child Marriage, a committee composed almost entirely of Indians, whose report is based in its turn on the evidence given by doctors and others in which the extent of the terrible physical and mental effects of too early marriage are set out! "Consummation soon after marriage is almost universal among classes which practise early marriage. . . . The fitness of a girl for consummation and possible motherhood from a physiological point of view is hardly taken into consideration." Again: "It is so extensive as to affect the whole framework of society. After coming through the ordeal, if a woman survives to the age of thirty she is in many cases an old woman, almost a shadow of her former self. Her life is a long, lingering misery, and she is a sacrifice at the altar of custom. The evil is so insidious in all the manifold aspects of social life that people have ceased to think of its shocking effects on the whole social fabric."

Later Miss Rathbone tells the almost incredible story of the administration of the Sarda Act, which raised the minimum age of marriage to fourteen for girls and eighteen for boys—an Act initiated by a distinguished Indian and based on the findings of the Joshi report. This Act was passed in 1929; the Home Member of the day stating that the Government was convinced that "there exists a grave and corroding evil in the country which is clamorous for a remedy." And yet it remains a complete dead letter! During the six months after it was passed and before it came into force the marriage of five million children under the age of fifteen was celebrated. No steps were taken in the meantime—in spite of emphatic warnings as to the need—to explain the purpose and provisions of the Act. The onus of bringing the machinery into force was placed on private persons, and courts were discouraged by the Government itself from imposing any but negligible punishments on account of the fear that strict enforcement might run the risk of bringing unpopularity on the Government. "Risks, odium!" asks Miss Rathbone. "Have the Government of India ever hesitated to incur those things when they thought the object worth it? And when did any object better justify the incurring of them than the saving of innumerable young girls from agonising deaths and the cutting out of a cancer that is undermining the vitality of a whole people? But let it be granted that risks should not be taken in the spirit that first promises 'the strongest support' of Government to an Act, and then, when it is on the Statute Book, succumbs to the opposition of ignorant, misguided people without a struggle, and so completely that it will not even encourage its own officials to enforce the Act or even to explain and defend its provisions."

The rest of the book is mainly devoted to immediate suggestions as to how the Sarda Act can be more successfully worked, and to advocating the long range, but more fundamental, remedy of giving to women the means in the new constitution to free themselves from the evils from which the present Government has so signally failed to free them. The need to give women an adequate franchise in order that they may accelerate the improvement of social conditions has been put forward not only by the Simon Commission but by every committee concerned with the Indian problem. Thus the Lothian Committee appointed recently to investigate the franchise problem in India recommended a franchise which would give the vote to one woman for every four or five men. Unfortunately, in the White Paper, these proposals have been whittled down to such an extent as to reduce the proportion to one woman to every twenty men. Miss Rathbone urges that the Lothian proposals should be adopted, and, further, that provision should be made for securing an adequate number of women on the various legislative bodies. In a moving final chapter she makes proposals for the development of a public opinion in India strong enough in itself to sweep away the many evils. The recent entry into active politics of Indian women leads her to hope that much may be accomplished along these lines.

It is not too much to say that India, under whatever Government may be its fate, will never prosper unless the corrosive sores which take so terrible a toll of life and happiness be healed. This book will surely play a part in the healing process—provided it both reaches and remains etched in the memories of the two audiences to which it is addressed—that which in India has to do with the administration of the Sarda Act, and that which, whether in India or in this country, will have a hand in shaping the new constitution.

SHORTER NOTICES

Letters from the French and English Courts, 1853-1859. By the PRINCESSE DE CHIMAY. Presented by PRINCESSE MARTHE BIBESCO. Translated by HAMISH MILES. *Cape.* 6s.

The story behind this interesting collection of mid-Victorian letters has already been told by Princesse Marthe Bibesco in her foreword to *Une Fille de Napoleon*, published in 1921. Madame de Chimay was a daughter of Napoleon I by Emilie de Pellapra, a romantic married lady who, during the Hundred Days, jogged across France disguised as a peasant, on a donkey laden with tricolour badges. Her daughter, a beautiful and intelligent woman, married first an elderly nobleman, the Comte de Brigode, secondly, the Prince de Chimay, thus becoming the daughter-in-law of that Princesse de Chimay who is better known as Thérésia Cabarrus, otherwise the celebrated Madame Tallien. Madame de Chimay's own daughter, Valentine, the subject of many of these letters—granddaughter of the Emperor—became in her turn the mother-in-law of Princesse Marthe Bibesco, to whom she bequeathed her mother's papers. . . . The letters themselves, with Princesse Bibesco's preface and connecting notes, tell the story of visits to the Court of the Third Napoléon at Fontainebleau and of an expedition to London in the year 1859. Madame de Chimay's critical and dispassionate account of the English and of their Queen, who struck her as dignified and gracious, though she was apt to grow "purple in the face" during Court balls, is well worth reading. She hated London, English hotels, English beds and the preposterous dowdiness of English fashions, but she appreciated the charm of English society. "It is here that there are gentlemen," she announced. ". . . This society is so well bred, with such good manners and smelling so nice." Of the young Prince of Wales, she observed prophetically that he "talks well, but he will have his own way, and, unless I am mistaken, he will have lively passions and will enfuriate his papa and mamma." Mr. Hamish Miles has translated her narrative into a readable and easy English style. The reference, however, on page 111, to a ball at Buckingham Palace, where "for a country dance they had sparrows in the band and tweaked their tails violently," throws an odd light on British customs at the period. Did Queen Victoria countenance cruelty to animals, or were the bandsmen, by any chance, in fancy dress? Or is it possible that so distinguished a translator has slipped up over an uncommon colloquial phrase?

A History of European Literature. By LAURIE MAGNUS. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 12s. 6d.

Laurie Magnus, in his preface to this book, asked that more account should be taken by reviewers "of what is in than of what is out"—a request at first sight so reasonable that one has awkward feelings in disregarding it straight off: but if there has hitherto been no one-volume survey of European literature, this attempt at one makes the reason obvious—it is not a possible subject to treat in one volume, unless you are going to be content with a string of names. As for criticism, of course it is hopeless: no critic can be a judge of all the literatures of Europe, and if he were, he would never, in such a book, have time to show it. Laurie Magnus professed only to be writing *history*—to treat literature as a product and aspect of a nation's life, and a means by which one country can affect another. Works with an international influence have the preference, which seems fair: but in practice it seems to follow that France and England have the field too nearly to themselves, at least after the close of the Renaissance in Italy. Whole countries are almost forgotten for whole centuries, or scarcely mentioned. For example: there is no mention of a poet so international, in his day, as Metastasio: the Risorgimento is almost ignored: and, while a line or two can be given to Stephen Phillips, so great a poet and imposing a figure as Carducci is not named at all. Surely in a survey of European literature there should at least be space for all that is of first-rate importance in the literature of a great people? Moreover, there is a degree of impossibility in attempting to banish *all* question of literary merit from such a work: do not writers owe their *permanent* influence to their quality as writers? Laurie Magnus evidently felt this, and in consequence fell between two stools. His book is in some ways excellent—carefully planned, and with plenty of ideas in it: it does, perhaps, what can be done. But it is less an achievement than a warning, a No Thoroughfare. You cannot, even with the best of motives, get something into a smaller space than will contain it.

The Conquest of the Maya. By J. LESLIE MITCHELL. *Jarrolds.* 18s.

This work, by a well-known authority on ancient America, is a history of the cultural and political ideologies of the Maya—the Amerindian race inhabiting the peninsula of Yucatan from A.D. 500 to the Spanish conquest in 1530. In the first half of the book Mr. Mitchell is concerned with the Old Empire, which he believes to be, to all intents and purposes, contemporaneous with the New. He is strongly opposed to the Americanist school of historians who hold the view that an original civilisation arose in America independent of (yet following the same general development) that of Sumer and the Nile valley. In his text, and by means of some admirable reproductions of Maya architecture and sculpture, he has sufficiently demonstrated the fact that Amerindian civilisation resembles that of Indonesia, and is

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An Englishman home on leave from Turkey ordered four suits, which were to be sent direct to his Turkish home. A few weeks later Goss received a letter saying that the suits were most satisfactory in all but one respect—there were no backstraps to the trousers! Why? He must have backstraps. He'd always had them and would Goss please send four pairs of backstraps and he would get a Turkish tailor to fix them. So the backstraps went to Turkey.

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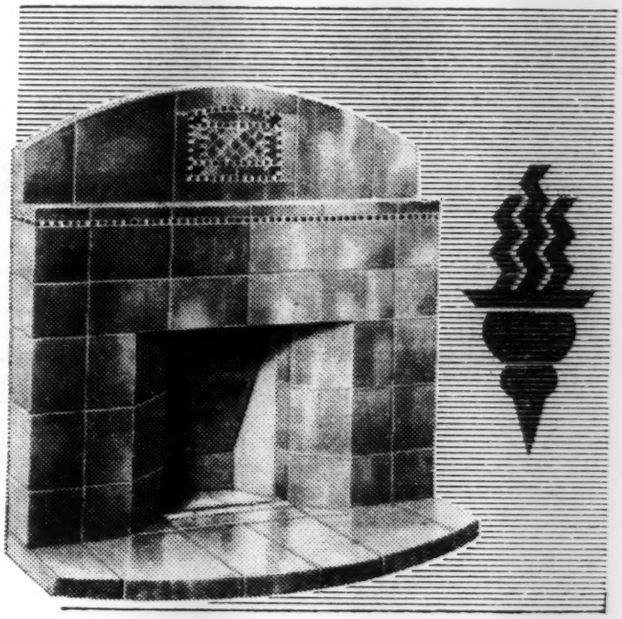

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likely to have been an offshoot—however altered in the process of distribution—of the original Egyptian (or Sumerian). There is an interesting chapter devoted to the reconstruction of the daily life in a city of the Old Empire—but from the scanty evidence that is extant his interpretation can only be conjectural. The last portion of the book consists in a more detailed history of the New Empire and in its final overthrow at the hands of the two Montejos. Professor Elliot Smith, the distinguished Egyptologist, with whom Mr. Mitchell is in close agreement, provides a foreword to an interesting work.

Napoleon and His Marshals. By A. G. MACDONELL. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The wars of the Revolution turned all Europe into one large battlefield over which the unhappy genius of Napoleon presided for nearly twenty years. In this book it has been Mr. Macdonell's object to set off against the tragedy of a continent the comedy of Napoleon's relationships with his marshals. He has preferred to write not a history of the period so much as a history of a school of soldiers; and, while he has given much attention to the purely military aspects of that school's achievements, he is chiefly concerned with the personal characteristics of each of the scholars. Of the eighteen original marshals two only, Davout and Massena, understood and had the ability to use the art taught them by the master; but Berthier, incompetent as a commander, was invaluable to Napoleon as Chief of Staff, and deserves to rank in the same class as the other two for that reason. For the rest, the book reads more like a novel than a Napoleonic study, but it must not be overlooked by even the most serious student of the period. The general reader will find Mr. Macdonell's work not only a good guide to a complicated subject but a most amusing one to read.

Week-end Competitions

No. 209

Set by Richard Church

Springtide is the season when in times past bucolic poets turned their attention to the dairymaid Amaryllis sitting on her milking stool.

Since to-day even poetry must be up to date, let us have a twentieth-century, chromium-plated lyric in two stanzas addressed to an electric milking machine. We offer a first prize of Two Guineas, and a second prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, March 23rd.

2. Competitiors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 207

Set by R. Ellis Roberts

In a recent book on Charles Lamb the author states that "Charles Lamb was the ordinary man *in excelsis*," also that "he exactly conforms to the ordinary man's romantic idea of the Ordinary Man." Competitors are asked to comment on these judgments: (a) in a imaginary conversation between Wordsworth, Haydon, Keats, Coleridge and Blake—taking as a model the famous passage in Haydon's diary about Wordsworth, Lamb, and the Collector of Stamps; or (b) to invent comments on the statement which might be made by any of the following—Dorothy Wordsworth, Mary Lamb, Coleridge, George Dyer, Thackeray, or Charles Lamb himself. Entries should be not more than 400 words in length, but may be fragments from longer compositions. We offer a first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

Report by R. Ellis Roberts

Alas! I over-estimated either our readers' appetite and aptitude for pastiche and parody, or their acquaintance with authors whose books are to be had in many popular editions. Or so I must infer from the very small number of replies received. I pictured hundreds of contributors rushing to defend Lamb from the charge of being "ordinary"—especially ordinary *in excelsis*, a kind of humane parallel to a bishop *in partibus;* and I hoped that not a few would defend the epithet, whimsically, pointing out that an ordinary man was the most extraordinary thing on earth. Some, I thought, might recollect and find useful the strange fact that Bernard Shaw once claimed to represent the poem of human nature.

There was no such rush to the mails; and of the replies received not many caught the accents of those whom they presented. On the whole the most successful entries are by those who have attempted to catch the spirit of Haydon's diary; but none of these manage to convey the gentle self-satisfaction that makes so much of the charm of that entrancing book. Also a common fault in all these is to write from the present point of view about the famous men concerned in the discussion—Wordsworth, in particular, is represented as too pompous. Miss Jukes, in spite of her irreverence to Blake, is, I think, the best in this class, though Southron has some pleasant quips in his effort—but his Blake is more like Landor than Blake. Mr. Hall, most of whose effort is rather weak, must be commended for his Keats who succeeds in silencing Coleridge by his acceptance of poetry as an ordinary man's avocation. The efforts to parody particular authors are all somewhat too poor: the best is Non Omnia's attempt in the manner of Coleridge; and to him goes the second prize, while Miss Jukes has the first.

FIRST PRIZE

Extract from the autobiography of B. R. Haydon.

This pronouncement did not please Coleridge. He turned to Wordsworth. "Do you, then, consider that our gentle Charles is an ordinary man?" While Wordsworth sat pondering gravely, Lamb dozed by the fire.

"Faith, man," I heard Keats say to him, "thou lackest a glass of gin. An ordinary man! When did I see thee so put down?"

Lamb turned to look at Keats, who continued, "Methinks, sometimes you have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has—"

"But I am a great eater of pork," said Lamb aptly, "and I believe that does harm to my wit."

"How shall we describe our Lamb?" asked Wordsworth solemnly. "He is a man among men, having the tastes and the aversions, the virtues and the failings of his kind, but endured with a greater discrimination and a livelier fancy, a keener wit and a quicker sensibility—"

Coleridge's impetuosity would no longer be restrained. "Lamb is in the catalogue of ordinary men," he began, "as Shakespeare is in the catalogue of poets. Lamb is among the ordinary men, but he is their prince. He speaks their language, but he is the best of them that speak it. He thinks their thoughts, but he clothes them in the very garments woven by his fancy, and the common objects of common men become themselves in his quaint and exquisite prose. He is one of the flock, the darling leader of the flock, who brings his fellows to the cool pastures and the quick freshets."

"Formosi pecoris custos, formosior ipse," agreed Wordsworth.

"Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep, and doesn't know where to find them," sang out Lamb. "Sic errant in mortibus aqui."

"We were nursed upon the self-same hill," Coleridge flowed on. But Blake had entered from the painting-room. Coleridge met his burning eye, and even Coleridge found the stream of his conversation had dried. We all sat silent waiting for Blake to speak.

"Lamb is an ordinary man," he proclaimed in his deep impelling tones. "Let us rejoice in this. Let him delight in his humanity. It is his highest praise. It is the glory of man. It is the highest attribute of godhead."

There was a solemn pause. Blake fixed Wordsworth and Coleridge with his glittering eye.

"Little Lamb, who made thee?" I heard from the fire. I squeezed in my laughter and looked across at Keats who drank quickly from his glass. Wordsworth tried to look grave. Coleridge for once would not venture a word.

"Lamb is a man," resumed Blake.

"Pipe a song about a lamb," Lamb chaunted merrily.

"Charles, my dear Charles," said Wordsworth. Keats walked suddenly into the painting-room. Coleridge coughed over his wine. I looked at my glass, then behind me at my "Jerusalem."

JOAN JUKES

SECOND PRIZE

I will endeavour to speak with the judiciousness of a critic and the charity of a Christian in refutation of this remarkable statement.

It is easy to demonstrate that it is a contradiction in terms to speak of the ordinary man *in excelsis*. An ordinary man cannot be other than one who is on the common level of mankind, while a soul *in excelsis* is one that is raised by some inner power above this common level and soars into regions of thought or nobility which, *per definitionem*, the ordinary man is incapable of reaching. And if it be objected that the expression *in excelsis* is here used metaphorically for an intellectual conception refined and sublimated into the most abstract essence that is susceptible of contemplation by the human mind, I reply that it is unphilosophic to attempt to transmute into an abstraction a single human being, many-faceted, like a diamond, with all the innumerable qualities of body, mind and soul, involved in the infinitely numerous accidents of mortal life and expressing itself through the hampering evils of the flesh. We may form an abstract notion of mankind, but Charles Lamb was no abstraction.

My heart warms as I think of him. None could be farther removed than he from that debility of the imagination which plunges the ordinary

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man into a slavish dependence upon the impressions of the senses. His sympathies were so acute that they penetrated, as it were, into the interstices of common life and revealed those invisible links that bind in one stupendous whole all the manifestations of the Creative Word. He saw the beauty of a crowded street, and found that in the most unpromising instances it was possible to proclaim the doctrine of universal brotherhood. The creative strength of his spirit enabled him to irradicate chimney-sweeps with a heavenly light. He plunged into the stormy sea of this earthly life with a noble courage, and, like Aeneas, was lifted on its waves to see the promised land. And if sometimes he felt the need of a raft, who shall blame?

When I remember with what a mighty and horrible visitation he was separated from the common lot and how he thereby became a soul set apart and made peculiar to God, I protest with all my powers against this illiterate depreciation of a unique and radiant soul.

NON OMNIA

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 64.—CAUCUS RACES

"What did you do at your party?" I asked Helen.

"We had Caucus Races."

"Caucus Races?"

"Yes; you remember. 'Everybody has won and all must have prizes.' Like to know how we worked them?"

"Yes, I should," said I.

"Well, each of us in turn ran a little competition for the others. Every one, except the person organising it, took part in each competition. And in each competition every participant got a prize."

"What were the prizes?"

"Cash. Each of us put up the same amount, which provided as many prizes as there were competitors. Each prize was either a shilling or a multiple of a shilling."

"How many of you were taking part?"

"You can work it out," said Helen, "I know you like calculations. No two of us divided the amount put up in exactly the same way; yet every possible division of the sum was made use of. Old Poppleby was the most successful competitor. No one, in any competition, got a larger prize than he did, and yet he missed the biggest prize of all."

"And he got away with—"

"Getting on for six quid," said Helen.

How many participated in the Caucus Races?

PROBLEM 62.—LUNATICS AT LARGE

This problem is something of a disappointment. Its framework suggests (and was intended to suggest) a fairly large number of competitors in the tournament (in fact, there were intended to be twelve), but most solvers have submitted a solution, not excluded with sufficient explicitness by the wording of the problem, which involves only *four* participants. This solution I accept as correct, therefore. There is no solution for any number of competitors between four and twelve.

For the number of matches played, given n competitors, is $\frac{n(n-1)}{2}$

i.e., it belongs to the series:

3, 6, 10, 15, 21 . . . .

and no number in this series between 6 and 66 corresponds to any aggregate of possible match scores having a defined maximum.

The table submitted by the majority of solvers shows 0–0, 3–0, 4–0, 5–0, 6–0, and 3–3 as the various match scores obtained; with Goofy United winning 3–0 and drawing 0–0 and 3–3. This gives them their average of two points per match scored in play. *In this case they register no dropped goals.*

PROBLEM 61.—PRIVATE WIRE

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to:

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There were forty-four correct and twelve incorrect solutions.

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Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

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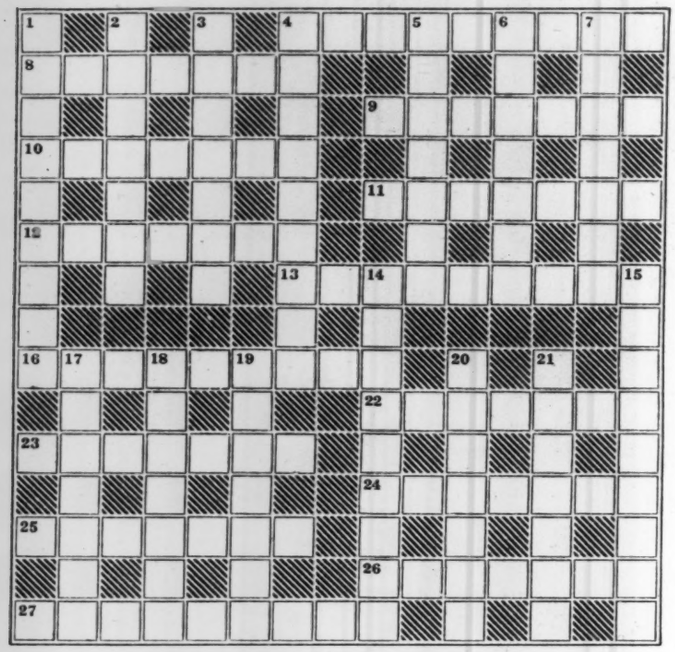

Set by L.-S.

LAST WEEK'S WINNER

The winner of last week's crossword is Mrs. Hartley, 18 Brookeville, Hipperholme, Yorks.

ACROSS.

4. What spectators usually produce when they go in.
8. His head no doubt wishes he were a banter.
9. Flowers and deer are often this in common.
10. Its body brevity and wit its soul.
11. A friend heralds a lot of noise.
12. It's a little foggy when this begins to blow.
13. A county shelf for ballast.
16. Cook's soldier.
22. Daily infusion increased in value.
23. Is in the R.E. again.
24. Coupons were collected for this emergency diet.
25. In spite of my other name I've no use for skipping ropes.
26. A hot line for an old weapon.
27. A fool might describe one doomed to execution.

DOWN.

1. Made in paper but recorded on the Thames Embankment.
2. Helps the wrong way.
3. Apprehensions that are mostly mistakes.
4. American Alfred among stern relations gets the cat.
5. Competitive kind of ant.
6. Helps to produce the winter milk supply.
7. Close time for most flowers.
14. A blow from it makes the robin tuck his head under his wing.
15. Potentiality realised.
17. Glacial descent.
18. Soda may be, but not soda water.
19. The sort of man Ralph Rackstraw was.
20. Seldom brought home dead in modern 24.
21. Braggart.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

NOTES:—Organ—*Hamlet*, III, 2; Table—Get-at-able.

F	O	R	T	Y	W	I	N	K	S	■	O	T	U	M
A	■	A	■	O	■	N	■	E	■	S	■	O	■	A
C	R	I	C	K	E	T	■	N	E	W	P	O	O	R
T	■	L	■	E	■	O	■	T	■	E	■	L	■	S
■	D	I	A	L	■	W	H	I	T	E	W	A	S	H
F	■	N	■	■	■	■	G	■	T	■	T	■	A	
O	R	G	A	N	■	P	I	E	C	E	M	E	A	L
O	■	■	■	O	■	H	■	R	■	S	■	■	■	S
T	O	P	I	A	R	I	A	N	■	T	A	B	L	E
W	■	O	■	H	■	L	■	■	■	■	R	■	A	
A	L	L	I	S	L	O	S	T	■	M	A	I	N	■
R	■	E	■	A	■	C	■	E	■	A	■	N	■	A
M	O	N	G	R	E	L	■	K	I	N	G	D	O	M
E	■	T	■	K	■	E	■	E	■	N	■	L	■	A
R	O	A	D	■	P	A	R	L	I	A	M	E	N	T

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DRY TICKLES

If you have a cold of ancient vintage, it is probably not worth your while at the moment to read this, though if your cold shows signs of turning to 'Flu, it probably is. We are talking rather to the optimist who has had hundreds of colds but still stubbornly thinks he will escape this time. Alas, one day there obtrudes upon our consciousness a little dry tickle at the back of the nose. We loudly say, "It is nought; it is nought"; we proceed with the ordinary routine of our public or private avocations; we write a letter to the *Times* on "The Habits of Stoats," or "The Toll of the Roads." But we know in our hearts that it is of no avail. Before nightfall we are sneezing and —oh, all the rest of it. Horrible

It is at that precise moment that the wise man who has ordered from his chemist a 1/9 bottle of QUINISAN TABLETS starts taking one every two hours. (Any chemist can get them for you promptly if he does not stock them.) The Reader of this—Why, in Heaven's name, did the Victorian writers always call you "gentle"? Whereas the Victorian Reader was usually an exceptionally pompous, humourless and snotty person—Where were we?—oh yes, the angry Reader is possibly one of those exceptional cases on whom Quinisan has no effect.

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